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The Week

DURING the hottest week of the summer, the pot boiled in Ethiopia and Italy, but only simmered elsewhere in Europe and in Washington. Sir Samuel Hoare made a speech in which, while expressing hope for the peaceable adjustment of the Ethiopian controversy, he reasured the Italians as to British motives and virtually promised, in a roundabout diplomatic way, that England would not apply sanctions if Italy went to war. Mussolini was pleased. Secretary Hull informed the Italian Ambassador of his concern over the threatened hostilities, consulted with the British and French governments about the situation, and published a statement recalling the obligations of the nations under the Kellogg-Briand Pact. Mussolini was displeased. It is not expected, however, that the United States will apply an economic boycott if Britain does not. The League commission trying to adjust disputes about the border raids was broken up by the withdrawal of the Italian delegates. Ethiopia called for the next step—a meeting of the League Council. If it is held promptly and tries to adjudicate the whole dispute, Mussolini, it is feared, will withdraw from the League. He has called 30,000 more men for the expedition and may go to the scene of action himself. The Little Entente threatened immediate mobilization if the Hapsburgs return in Austria; Chancellor Schuschnigg was injured and his wife was killed in an automobile accident, and Prince Starhemberg, Mussolini's man, threatened a coup to seize power. The United States and Russia unexpectedly announced the conclusion of a trade agreement for a year. Bastille Day, on which hostilities between the French fascists and the united left were feared, went off quietly in Paris, with parades of both factions, which did not meet. That of the workers was reported to be particularly impressive.

IN Washington the lobby investigation, following the defeat by the House of Mr. Roosevelt's program to end unnecessary utility holding companies, opened with fireworks. Representative Brewster of Maine, who had accused Thomas G. Corcoran of threatening to hold up the Passamaquoddy project if he did not vote with the President, was revealed as one who was cowed by the utility lobby into voting against his convictions. This lobby was shown to have spent hundreds of thousands of dollars, if not a million or more. During this excitement, the administration amendments to the T.V.A. law were voted by the House. In hearings, the President's taxation plan was attacked by business interests. They do not want additional taxes until prosperity returns, and in the meantime they want to balance the budget by cutting expenditures. When prosperity returns, they hope of course to control Congress, and the chance of drastic income and profits taxation in that event is slight. The heat seems to be an ally of theirs in urging postponement; the latest rumor is that the President will not insist on a tax bill this session. Meanwhile the Senate abetted Senator Tydings in his effort to protect political appointees in the Virgin Islands against the desire of Secretary Ickes to clean up their administration. A Senate investigation was voted, heard the appointees in question, and declined to listen to Secretary Ickes. On intervention by the President, the investigation was adjourned as suddenly as it had been begun.

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LAST week The New York Times printed a remarkable article by "Augur," the London political commentator. According to "Augur," Mussolini has concluded a military agreement with France. This is the explanation, he says, of Mussolini's apparent recklessness in dispatching two hundred and fifty thousand of his best troops to Africa. "Augur" also declares that immediately after the French agreement was signed, Mussolini approached and proposed—or at least hinted at—the eventual partition of Austria. In such a partition, "Augur" suggests, the largest share of Austria, including Vienna, would go to Hitler; Mussolini would content himself with Tyrol. Jugoslavia might be permitted to grab a strip of Austrian territory along its northern frontier. "Augur" writes that if Hitler does not look favorably upon this plan, Mussolini is determined to force the restoration of the young, somber-faced Hapsburg pretender, Otto. There is no way of knowing whether all this is true except by examining the secret files of European chancelleries. There are publicly known facts, however, that conform with it. About the time that Mussolini made known his designs on Ethiopia, General Gamelin of the French general staff visited Rome, and conferred at length with the Italian high command. It was widely rumored that France and Italy had formed an alliance, and these rumors were never denied. According to recent reports, Italy and France have since withdrawn the garrisons along their common frontier, and in this way perhaps forty thousand Italian troops have been released for other purposes. The story of Mussolini's negotiations with Hitler is partly substantiated by Austria's revocation of the laws against the return of the Hapsburgs. Mussolini's chosen lieutenant in Austria, Prince Starhemberg, always before has opposed a Hapsburg restoration. Starhemberg is acutely jealous of young Otto, and it must have taken strong pressure from Mussolini to cause him to change his position. Since Schuschnigg's injury in an automobile accident last week, Starhemberg has shown signs of plotting a coup on his own account.

WHAT is obviously true is that Europe is now the scene of furious marchings and counter-marchings by professional diplomats. Political forces are so delicately balanced that any decisive step by one country, such as Mussolini's attempted conquest of Ethiopia, necessitates a complete reshuffling of the relations of all other countries. The precise consequences are of minor importance. At this distance, the partition of Austria seems fantastically improbable. However, even if it should occur, it would be hard to prove that the common people of Austria were any worse off under Germany and Italy than they are now. Nothing that Hitler and Mussolini have done has been more senselessly barbaric than the action of the present Austrian regime, a year ago, in firing point-blank upon the workers' apartments around Vienna with light artillery. What is important about the present diplomatic maneuvers is not their exact character, but the horrifying feeling, shared by all competent observers, that they are leading ultimately to a new general war, just as the successive Balkan crises made inevitable the last world war. It may be beyond human capacities to prevent the impending war in Europe. But when its survivors, if there are any, sit down to make peace, they should remember Europe as it exists today, and start from the premise that the European system of separate, capitalist nations is not viable, and that the world will not be a fit place to live in while it continues.

THE new trade agreement between the United States and the Soviet Union is good news so far as it goes, but it does not go far. It is for a year only. It does not touch the question of the pre-Soviet Russian debts or the desire of the present Russian government for new credits. Without such credits, greatly increased trade is impossible, on account of the unwillingness of the United States to accept a large volume of imports. It does not grant Russia "most-favored nation" status. What it does do is to allow her the same concessions given to Sweden, Belgium and certain other nations in recent specific executive agreements. Russia can send us more linen, coal, manganese and other products. In return she promises, not to reduce tariffs—for she has none—but to enlarge the purchases from us of her government trade monopoly, perhaps to $30,000,000 a year. Recently she has been buying only about $12,000,000 worth. In spite of these modest achievements, the cry has been raised by protectionists in Congress, and by the Hearst press, that Mr. Roosevelt has betrayed American interests to the Bolsheviks, and the occasion is being used for a renewed drive against the power delegated to the administration to negotiate tariff reductions.

SINCE the beginning of Japan's invasion of Manchuria in 1931, there has been doubt whether Soviet Russia would defend the Mongolian People's Republic, or Outer Mongolia, against the Japanese. Soviet leaders have many times said that they would fight for every inch of Russian soil, but no mention has been made of Outer Mongolia, which technically is not part of the U.S.S.R. Last week, however, Pravda bluntly announced that if Japan attacks Outer Mongolia, "the instigators of this adventure may break their necks." Some time ago, a Japanese officer with a White Russian companion was seized on the Outer Mongolian border, and a Pravda editorial was occasioned by an ultimatum from the Japanese army in Manchuria that henceforth Japanese and Manchukuon representatives be permitted in Outer Mongolian territory without molestation. There is no natural boundary between Manchuria and Outer Mongolia, and the Japanese, in their efforts to bring the nomad Mongol tribes under their domination, have been irresistibly drawn westwards. Japan's energies are

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now wholly absorbed by northern China, and it is unlikely that the central government at Tokyo desires to challenge Russia. The danger lies in the autonomy of the Japanese command in Manchuria, which might at any time on its own responsibility precipitate a serious incident in Outer Mongolia. The apprehensions of Moscow seem to be fully justified.

THE federal courts have appeared again in their accustomed role of preventing the government from doing anything important to deal with the breakdown of the economic order, in the decision of a circuit court in Louisville denying the power to condemn land for housing. By the reasoning of the two judges in the majority, this is not a "public purpose." The government may condemn land to build arsenals, essential as a preparation for war, but not to offer those with low incomes decent living quarters in peace. The reasoning of the majority is a prime example of the specious logic by which judges clothe their social prejudices. They declare that this is a government of delegated powers, hence it cannot exercise any powers not delegated to it. Power to condemn land was not delegated. So far the argument is clear. But this government, they continue, like any government, has the power to condemn land, as a necessary attribute of sovereignty. Here are two flatly contradictory premises. They attempt to resolve the contradiction by stating that the government can condemn, but only for "public purposes." This seems to us common sense, but it has nothing to do with the general principle of a government of delegated powers. The judges then proceed to decide what is a "public purpose" as if their decision were dictated by the constitutional form of our government, when really it rests on their own social philosophy. We hope the minority dissenting opinion of Judge Florence Allen will be adopted by the Supreme Court.

BENEATH the tumultuous Senate investigation of the Virgin Islands lies a question of great public importance. It is whether we are to have a trained colonial administrative service. Judge T. Webber Wilson and Mr. Eli Baer, two of the officials in the present controversy, were admittedly appointed for political reasons. Judge Wilson was on Senator Harrison's patronage list, Mr. Baer on Senator Tydings'. Neither of them seems to have been guilty of serious wrong-doing, and they are at least equal in ability and character to the officials sent to the Caribbean during the Wilson and Harding administrations. But the single fact that they represent the complete antithesis of civil servants, that they owe allegiance to Postmaster General Farley rather than to Secretary Ickes, justifies Mr. Baer's dismissal, and makes Judge Wilson's urgently necessary. The appointment of Mr. Paul C. Yates was less clearly a matter of patronage, but, by throwing in his lot with Wilson and Baer, he greatly damaged his usefulness as an official. Colonial administration is at best a doubtful enterprise. The record of England and France, nations that have been in the business for years, is crowded with great and petty thievery, massacres and assassinations. The most devoted type of official that the United States can attract to its colonial service will be none too good. To attempt to administer our possessions with small-time, job-hunting politicians is absurd. Particularly in the case of the Virgin Islands, it would be more prudent to declare them independent, or try to sell them back to Denmark. Throughout his term in the Interior Department, Secretary Ickes has worked unceasingly to create a colonial civil service of high standards. Mr. Roosevelt, who has now assumed charge of the Virgin Islands controversy, should loyally support Mr. Ickes and Governor Pearson.

LAST week Thomas Walker, author of a recent series of anti-Russian articles in the Hearst newspapers, returned to America and was arrested as an escaped convict. Walker, whose real name is Robert Green, was sentenced to Colorado State Prison in 1919 for forgery, and, two years later, after he had been made trusty, broke jail. Previously he had served a year in Texas for violation of the Mann Act. In his current campaign against the Soviet government, Mr. Hearst and his editors have relied heavily upon Walker's, or Green's, articles. By the testimony of all competent observers in Russia, these articles were wildly inaccurate and prejudiced. A test of Mr. Hearst's journalistic ethics will be the way in which his newspapers treat the revelations concerning his special correspondent's past and character. He has no choice, it seems to us, but to apologize to his readers. Meanwhile, he is running a new series of attacks by Fred E. Beal, former Communist and leader of the Gastonia strike, who jumped his bail when charged with murder as a result of strike riots, and escaped to Russia. When this series is completed, and we know more about what prompted Beal to write it, we shall have better grounds for judging whether it is a more serious indictment of the Soviet order than its predecessors.

THE recent victory of the T.V.A. amendments in Congress raises an interesting political problem. The members of the House who voted for the T.V.A. were the same ones who, a week earlier, had overwhelmingly defeated the death-sentence clause in the holding-company bill. What brought about this startling reversal of sentiment? Washington correspondents tried to explain it by writing that the House, exhausted by its fling of the week before, had become "good" again, like a periodical drinker after a binge. This seems to us entirely fanciful. Behind the opposition to the death-sentence clause was one of the most powerful lobbies ever assembled in Washington. Although the Alabama Power Company and the Aluminum Company of America both worked against the T.V.A. amend-

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ments, their strength did not compare with that of the general utilities' lobby. Still more important, between the vote on the death-sentence clause and the vote on the T.V.A., investigations into lobbying activities had been voted by both the Senate and the House. When the T.V.A. vote was held, members of the House could vote as they pleased without fear of reprisal from powerful interests at home. The episode illustrates the dictatorial control that lobbies can sometimes exercise.

MADAME Trotsky has written a letter to The Nation, telling of the arrest of her son, Sergei, in Moscow after the Kirov assassinations, and his continued detention. Madame Trotsky says that he never participated in the political activities of his father, either before or after his father's exile, but was wholly absorbed in technical work, in which he achieved distinction. She suggests that an international committee of known friends of the Soviet Union, men like Romain Rolland, André Gide or Bernard Shaw, be formed, in agreement with the Soviet government, to investigate this and all other cases growing out of the Kirov affair. If the action of the government was unjustified, as she believes it was in the case of her son, this committee would help the victims; if it was justified, the appeal to impartial judgment would serve to dispel the rumors and the hostility that have been aroused among workers or liberals abroad. This seems to us a reasonable suggestion.

Is It the New Party?

THOSE who are hoping for the kind of new party The New Republic has been describing will be interested to discover whether that which was foreshadowed by the recent conference in Chicago, as described in this issue by Robert Morss Lovett, is what they are looking for. The answer is that nobody knows, least of all those who took part in the affair. The conference was one of those experimental stirrings that are sure to arise from the scattered demand for a new political vehicle. It did not and it could not form a real party on the spot, for it had not the power delegated from sufficiently large groups of the rank and file who would have to compose such a party. It did do, however, what will have to be done before these large groups ever are brought together. It stepped out in public, formed a nucleus and offered a tentative program. It is entirely possible that the same sort of thing will be done by other groups. If there is to be a new party it will come either by the amalgamation of such movements or by the clear and acknowledged success of one of them in a competition for the loyalty of the rank and file.

Mr. Lovett's title, "A Party in Embryo," accurately describes the situation. Those who are disappointed by the somewhat awkward and immature aspects of the meeting should remember that embryos usually do not closely resemble the full-grown organisms they may become, while those who are positive that this is the ordained answer to their prayers should remember that accidents sometimes happen to embryos.

Two main lines of editorial comment seem to be called for: first, on the composition of the group, and second, on its declared principles. Obviously it lacked accredited representatives from the broad masses of workers and farmers, though representatives of certain organizations of both are on its executive committee, and the meeting was attended by members of leading unions and agricultural bodies. There is a possibility that in the end it might gain such support. Also it lacked more than friendly interest from the already existing independent political movements that have achieved local success, like those in Wisconsin and Minnesota. These will come along later if the sentiment of their constituents forces them to do so. Among those who attended the conference were members of the railway brotherhood of Trainmen, Firemen, Conductors and Maintenance-of-Way Men, of the United Mine Workers, Amalgamated Clothing Workers, Stone Masons, Electrical Workers, Chicago Federation of Labor and Wisconsin Federation of Labor, of the Farmers' Union, United Farmers, the Farm Holiday Association and the Grange.

The principal leadership clearly came from that loose category sometimes called intellectuals or professional workers. That was natural, since their group is hard hit by the depression, is uprooted from its traditional adherence to the old economic order, and contains among its members many specialists on economic and political questions. It is a group that has historically a unique and essential part to play in revolutionary periods, and now more so than ever, since the development of technique has increased its numbers and its importance in the management of affairs. This group is certain to be politically active and to throw up leaders and ideas at a time like the present. It is a drilling tool in breaking up the old crust of customs and loyalties. But it cannot do the whole job alone. If it is allied with the workers, real collectivism is possible. If it is misled into alliance with anti-labor elements, fascism is a distinct possibility. The tendency of this part of the community is of the greatest importance.

This leads us to the platform. We do not take platforms too seriously. They are usually nailed together in a hurry from timber that happens to be lying about. Political performance almost never tallies closely with promises. Furthermore, no group of ten people could ever exactly agree on all details of a platform, to say nothing of a party of millions. Compromises, often meaningless, are therefore inevitable in any group political declaration. What a platform really means depends (a) on the circumstances surrounding it; (b) on the people who are elected to carry it out. For these

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reasons detailed textual criticism, while perhaps interesting, is a little beside the point. What counts is the general tendency.

There is no question whatever that the tendency of this platform was meant by those who framed and adopted it to be collectivist in a genuine sense. They declare that "a new economic order is necessary," speak of industrial stagnation under the present one, and state that "the full working force, using the existing equipment efficiently, could provide the families of America with the goods and services which an income of $5,000 now procures." They demand public ownership and operation of big industries and banking, plus a constitutional amendment that would permit the government to legislate about economic and social matters. They want to protect real unionism—which is important as an indication of direction, since to declare for socialism while opposing power for the workers themselves is one of the distinguishing marks of the fascist. They are for high wages and a major program of social insurance. There is little fault to be found with any of these planks.

Others seem to us inferior. We do not know how, under privately owned and competitive agriculture, the government can guarantee to farmers prices that will cover the "cost of production"—a highly uncertain variable—unless by the existing regrettable expedient of restricting output. We do not see the economic advantage of excluding by protective tariffs all agricultural products that may compete with domestic ones. Obviously the conference in these matters yielded to expediency in placating some of the demagogic farm leaders. Likewise we are extremely dubious of the project to edge into collectivism by setting the unemployed at work to produce for themselves. It is a good thing to find work for the unemployed, if real work can be found; but since so many of them are workers in steel mills, on buildings, on railroads, in coal mines and the like, it is highly improbable that more than a few can be put to work producing for themselves, short of full occupation in basic industries. That means either capitalist revival or socialism. There is no sufficient middle ground. Likewise, if there is to be real social security for all, as the platform proposes, we see no reason for favoring the soldiers' bonus—unless one does so as a method of catching votes.

The platform declares a purpose to use and preserve democratic forms, thus explicitly setting itself apart from Communists or others who announce the necessity or inevitability of violence and proletarian dictatorship. This seems to us a necessity for any party in this country that hopes to gain majorities in elections. It also is an important sign of tendency, since it is even more decidedly anti-fascist than anti-communist. Indeed, the spectacle of Socialists, Communists and left Radical Socialists uniting in France to preserve the Republic against the fascist threat gives us a hint of the possible strength of this policy as a rallying point for the forces of the left. We are glad the conference did not adopt the resolution excluding Communists from membership, since its own platform supplies the differentiation. We hope any new party that develops will refrain from diverting its fire from the real opponents of the workers to the Communists; and in turn we hope—though somewhat despondently—that the Communists will refrain from attacking and misrepresenting that party. For it is of supreme importance here, as elsewhere, to follow the example of France by a united front for immediate objectives, rather than that of Germany, where the bitterness between factions on the left opened the way for their common and terrible enemy.

What Killed the Death Sentence

THE Senate investigation of the holding-company lobby started briskly. Senator Black, the chairman, a year ago conducted the air-mail-contract inquiry, and is an old hand at investigations. By having his investigators swoop down on the two chief lobbying groups a few hours after his committee was formed, he took the lobby leaders by surprise, and apparently forced them into disclosures they did not intend to make. He also succeeded in compelling an adjournment of the House lobby investigation, which was dominated by open friends of the holding companies. It is possible that the House committee was glad to halt its inquiry, for the principal fact they established was that power interests had been able to put enough pressure on Representative Brewster of Maine to make him change his vote. Since, as adviser on the Passamaquoddy project, Brewster had previously been one of the administration's captains in the holding-company fight, Thomas G. Corcoran's rebuke to him in Statuary Hall was amply justified.

The testimony already taken by the Black committee shows that the holding-company lobby was no makeshift affair. It was, on the contrary, as efficient and luxurious a product of American industry as a modern airplane. There were two chief lobbying groups, the Committee of Public Utility Executives under Philip H. Gadsden and the American Federation of Utility Investors under Dr. Hugh S. Magill. The Committee of Public Utility Executives employed Sullivan and Cromwell, and Simpson, Thacher and Bartlett, two great corporation law firms, for a fee of $75,000 each. Gadsden jubilantly testified that he had beaten them down from $100,000 each. Publicity was furnished by Ivy Lee and T. J. Ross Company, for a fee of $22,000. The economist, David Friday, received $5,578, the comparative meagerness of his pay indicating that lobbyists hold erudition cheaply. Gadsden himself contributed his services free, ac-

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cepting merely five or six hundred a month for his hotel bill.

Gadsden's office in Washington spent $301,865 between February 18 and June 30, and still has on hand $50,000. Gadsden conceded that the individual holding companies belonging to his group spent large additional sums on their own account. He estimated that the total amount might be a million dollars, which Senator Black called "ridiculously low." To relate these sums to the congressional scene, it is useful to recall that a million dollars is equal to the yearly salaries of a hundred House members, and would probably pay the primary election expenses of twice that number. It is about a sixth of the reported expenses of a presidential campaign.

In view of these revelations, the indignation voiced by reactionaries against the "lobbying" done by representatives of the President is merely silly. As against the great law firms, with their $150,000 in fees, were pitted two young men receiving $5,000 each for their services to the government during an entire year. It was improper, say the critics, for the President to use members of executive agencies to try to pass legislation that he, as holder of the mandate of a popular majority, believes to be in the public interest. What an absurd idea of government it is that the President should be powerless to influence the legislature! It appears to be good form for private wealth to pour out its hundreds of thousands in the process of browbeating Congress when its interests are threatened, but highly improper for the President to do anything about it except watch the attack in dignified inaction.

Despite its sensational start, the Black committee is almost certainly doomed to the same futility in which previous lobby investigations have ended. These investigations focused attention largely upon the lobbyist, whose highly specialized profession has the popular fascination of kidnaping or bank robbing. Nearly every business group wishing to defeat or promote legislation uses one or more of the lawyer-politicians who infest Washington; apparently the holding companies employed some of the best of them. A skilled lobbyist can quickly judge which members of the House or Senate are likely to be decisive factors in a legislative situation. He can go directly to them, talk in their language and learn their fears and worries. He can report back to his employers: "So-and-so wants renomination and will do whatever his local organization leader says," or: "So-and-so has had a row with his organization, is facing a primary fight and needs a contribution for his campaign." Frequently the lobbyist has to report: "So-and-so says that the people of his district are up in arms, and that he doesn't dare vote with us." A good lobbyist can interview a large number of members of Congress in a brief space of time, select those who are susceptible to pressure and inform his employers of the exact manner in which it can be most efficiently applied. Once the adherence of a comparatively few leaders has been procured, the votes of many of their colleagues follow by a sort of gravitational pull.

The result of every lobby investigation has been to center indignation upon the lobbyist. He is made to seem the great evil. Many laws designed to abolish lobbyists have been enacted, and many more have been proposed. More than a year ago, Mr. Roosevelt laid down the rule that Democratic National Committeemen must not practise law in Washington, a step enthusiastically greeted as dealing a mortal blow to the lobbying system. The result has been that several National Committeemen have resigned their party posts, but not one has given up his Washington law office.

Probably the motive behind this search for a personal villain is the reluctance of many people to admit that lobbying is a necessary consequence of the economic set-up. It pleases them to believe that the country is a democracy, unmindful of the often tested truth that democracy cannot function well where some people are very rich and some very poor. No man becomes head of a group of power companies, for example, without having numberless favors to distribute. Where it is impracticable for him to influence legislation by directly contributing to campaign funds, he is in the center of a web of economic pressures that ultimately will lead to the local political boss and the local member of Congress. No law can prevent a man who is able to extend financial and political help to a legislator, and a legislator who needs such help, from striking a bargain, with or without the aid of a lobbyist. The pressure of wealth is not always or everywhere successful. It has been successful only spasmodically in Wisconsin, for instance, primarily because the elder La Follette and his two sons repeatedly have been prepared to risk political extinction rather than compromise their beliefs. But they are rare figures in political life. If economic power—the father of political power—ever lies with the majority, instead of with a tiny minority of great industrialists and bankers, the political state will be able to function without benefit of the lobby.

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EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HAMILTON BASSO H. N. BRAILSFORD JOHN DEWEY
JOHN T. FLYNN WALDO FRANK E. C. LINDEMAN
W. P. MANGOLD JON. MITCHELL LEWIS MUMFORD
R. G. TUGWELL

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A Party in Embryo

THE Third Party Conference at Chicago, July 5 and 6, was a joyous reunion for the amateurs of politics. Some of us looked back to the Convention of the Committee of Forty-Eight in 1920, under the benign and astute leadership of Hopkins, McCurdy, Record and Amos Pinchot. It was in this same Morrison Hotel that we held solemn session, while our committee toiled three days and nights to bring our platform into line with that of the Labor Convention over in the Ashland Auditorium. When the happy result was 90-percent achieved, we grew impatient and voted to join the workers anyway. Then, in the fight over the rival platforms, labor crushed us with oratory and votes and behaved as if it had won a national victory over a truculent and crafty foe. Shocked and saddened, we returned to the Morrison Hotel, and in the next day or two brought forth several little third parties. We left behind us our peerless chairman, Parley Christenson, who first bore the name Farmer-Labor in the campaign of 1920.

Two years later the Chicago trade unionists, John Fitzpatrick and Ed Nockels, tried to revive the movement, but the Communists were then on deck and the adroit management of William Z. Foster gave such a slant to the proceedings that the A.F. of L. leaders withdrew, under threats of short shrift from Samuel Gompers. William Mahoney at St. Paul led another effort only to meet the same fate at Foster's hands. Then Mr. Johnson of the Machinists' International took a lead and assembled a third-party conference at Cleveland, preliminary to the Progressive Convention which nominated La Follette in 1924. After the campaign of 1928 Professor Paul Douglas called a conference in New York which formed the League for Independent Political Action, of which Professor John Dewey became the chairman and Howard Y. Williams the national organizer. It was able to claim some prestige for the Farmer-Labor victories of Shipstead and Olson in Minnesota. New blood came into the enterprise with Alfred M. Bingham and Selden Rodman, who made their magazine Common Sense its official organ.

In 1933 a conference at Chicago developed the leadership of Thomas R. Amlie, Congressman from Wisconsin, and resulted in the formation inside the L.I.P.A. of the Farmer-Labor Federation for Political Action, as a cutting tool. It was in succession to this conference that Mr. Amlie, in association with Congressmen Marcantonio, Schneider, Scott and Lundeen, called the conference which is the subject of this article.

It was the original plan of the Congressmen to hold a private conference by personal invitation, but the event outran their intention, and an assembly of 200 delegates representing 27 states could not be hidden under a bushel. Accordingly the press was invited, and the old hands were busy for a time interpreting the occasion to younger brethren, whose first question was: What kind of Reds are these? Professor Douglas was elected chairman and Alfred M. Bingham secretary. The general complexion of the conference was not quite the same as in the old days. There were fewer trade unionists. Indeed, Adolph Germer, one of the old-timers, warned the gathering that a classical third party ought to start with a labor movement, which was at present nonexistent. On the other hand there were more farmers. And if there were fewer intellectuals of the old Forty-Eight type, fewer amateurs who enjoy the higher exercise of politics but are too fastidious to get down to precinct work, perhaps the loss was not to be deplored. There was certainly an urgency about the conference, a sense of immediate peril to be thwarted, a demand that forces be mobilized for action, which proved disconcerting to some of its sponsors.

The chief obstacle to the formation of a national third party is the success that its natural leaders have achieved in several states. Governor Olson in Minnesota, the La Follettes in Wisconsin, have assets they want to preserve and consolidate, with the aid of a complacent national administration. This point of view was set forth by Congressman Marcantonio of New York, at the dinner which closed the first day's proceedings. He deprecated the idea of trying to bring all groups together for an ultimate solution of economic problems, but favored a united front in which they could coöperate for an immediate objective, such as taxation to place the burden of unemployment on the shoulders of the rich. This would be the challenge that would bring the chambers of commerce out to fight, the call to a battle in which the imminent fascism of the country could be checked.

The conference, however, wanted a more positive achievement than a united front, and Mr. Marcantonio withdrew the next day, with the statement: "I feel constrained to withdraw from the present conference because I believe its action taken toward the formation of a new party at this time is not only premature but also wrong. As constituted, it is not fitted to express the opinions and demands of many groups." Similarly Senator Nye, who addressed the conference at length, was opposed to fundamental change in the structure of government, which is the chief reason for a new party. He said: "If the people of the United States cannot use this government for their advan-

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tage it is hopeless to work for a better government." His advice was "to stand ready to make a third party if and when the call comes for it." Any movement against Roosevelt now might throw the next election to the reactionaries. He frankly opposed jeopardizing the political assets already gained in certain states by a national party "which in most states will not get to first base." "We must build for the future." To this came a volley of questions—"How can you build without making a start?" A delegate from Michigan rudely suggested that it was all right for the Senator with $10,000 a year to counsel delay, but what if you were starving? Altogether the conference was not in a Fabian mood.

It was in accord with the wish of the conference that the organization committee, headed by Mr. Amlie, reported in favor of a new national political party based on production for use, and a national convention to be held in time for the campaign of 1936. The name suggested was the Farmer-Labor Political Federation—but no! The old fight begun in 1920 over the name of the unborn child was on again. Delegates from the East said Farmer-Labor meant nothing to them. Delegate Schoenberg of Ohio wanted United Political Federation for the Formation of a New Political Party. U.P.F.F.N.P.P. It was pointed out that a grave charge against the Roosevelt administration is overworking the alphabet. Finally Mr. Amlie agreed to accept American Commonwealth Political Federation for etc., and the East was placated.

Other old questions were the relation of the federation to "third" parties already in existence. Some delegates wanted to exclude the Socialists because their name would smear the new party, and their compact organization around the national leadership of Norman Thomas would dominate it. To this Andrew Biemiller replied that the boot was on the other foot. The Socialists were present only as observers. They wanted to see a class party with political strength before they committed themselves. "We have no objection to giving away the bride but we should like to see the bridegroom." And he reminded us that as the result of the marriage of 1924 the Socialists had lost their place on the ballot in seventeen states.

More difficult was the question of the Communists. The organization committee's report affirmed the belief in the democratic process, in the peaceful attainment of social objectives, and opened membership in the federation to all who support these principles. Delegate Ray McKaig offered a minority report specifically excluding the Communists. Mr. McKaig is an old-timer like ourselves, and can't forgive the fiascos of the early twenties. The chairman explained that both reports meant the same thing as to the exclusion of Communists, and McKaig's report was voted down; but delegates challenged the chairman's statement and a substitute motion was apparently carried directing the executive committee to contact (sic) all farmers' associations, labor unions, unemployed and veteran groups and political organizations opposed to the profit system, with a view to enrolling them in the federation. In any event it was clear that the attitude toward the Communists was considerably less hostile than in the past. While McKaig declared that the gain of one Communist meant the loss of 10,000 votes, and a delegate from Wisconsin asserted: "Open this party to Communists and you have no party," Duncan McDonald retorted that the Communists have done no damage to the country comparable to that wrought by Republicans and Democrats, and that liberals should not attack the first government of workers established in the world. Comrade Wagenknecht of the Communist Party made a conciliatory speech, pointing out that all who are against Hearst, Wall Street and Walgreen will be called Communists anyway, and mentioned the author of this article as an example —whereat a lady in the balcony identified as Mrs. Dilling got busy with her pencil. It was obvious that the Red scare is working toward a consolidation of all advocates of a new social order.

The platform committee reported through Nathan Fine, and after some discussion of the bonus plank, the farm plank, which was rewritten, and a single-tax plank, which was defeated, the platform was adopted with a preamble setting forth the theory of national economy according to Harold Loeb's "Chart of Plenty." Whether or not the platform becomes the basis for action in the next election, as most of the delegates hope it will, it is a historic document that measures the advance in political thought since the Committee of Forty-Eight began its pilgrimage in 1919.

1. As a means of transition to an economy of abundance we favor unlimited production for use by and for the unemployed.

2. We declare for the payment of high wages to all those at work. We are opposed to a charity dole or wage for the unemployed on relief or in public works. We favor union wages for the unemployed.

3. We declare for complete economic security to all through abundant provision for needs and emergencies such as maternity, infancy, education, sickness, accident, old age and unemployment.

4. We declare that every worker shall be protected in the right to join a union of his own choosing, with no interference by his employer. We are opposed to the police or National Guard being used to break farm or labor strikes. We favor outlawing the company union and the yellow-dog contract.

5. We declare that there should be government regulation of the marketing of farm commodities on a basis of the farmer receiving for that portion of his farm products needed for consumption within the United States a price of not less than the cost of production. We are opposed to the importation of farm products in competition with farm products produced in the United States. We favor government refinancing of farm indebtedness at 1½-percent interest and 1½ percent on the principal of the indebtedness annually.

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6. We favor moratorium legislation to obtain tenure of the land for the farmer and the home for the city homeowner.

7. We favor heavy taxation, effectively administered, on large incomes, including income from all public bonds now tax-exempt, gifts, inheritances and corporate surpluses, to provide for all necessary government and social services.

8. We reaffirm our faith in our democratic form of government. We demand that the right of free speech, free press and free assembly be safeguarded, and that equal political, civil and economic rights be assured for all citizens of the United States.

9. We favor the immediate payment of the soldiers' bonus.

10. We favor immediate public ownership and operation of natural resources, transportation and communication, public utilities, mines, munition plants and basic industries.

11. We favor unified federal ownership and operation of the banking system for the purpose of controlling the issue of currency and credit.

12. We are opposed to war and favor strengthening the international agencies for peace through international coöperation.

13. We favor federal aid to education to equalize educational opportunities between the states and this federal aid to be administered by a federal department of education.

14. We favor a constitutional amendment providing that Congress shall have power to make all laws that in its judgment will be necessary to provide for the general welfare of the people.

The conference elected officers as follows: Chairman, Thomas R. Amlie of the Wisconsin Progressive Party; Vice-Chairman, John Bosch of the Minnesota Farm Holiday Association; Executive Secretary, Alfred M. Bingham of New York; Treasurer, Paul H. Douglas of Chicago. These officers have a nice problem of strategy before them. The men who are the chief repositories of independent political power—Olson, Nye, the La Follettes—do not wish to risk it in a national campaign in 1936. As one speaker bluntly said: "The elimination of Roosevelt is a necessary condition of a third party." To defy such oracles, to put these leaders on the spot in 1936, will alienate them. The Marcantonio incident is a warning. On the other hand, the rank and file, especially the farmers, will regard the failure to go through in 1936 as betrayal. They voiced their suspicions in their effort to commit the organization to call a convention on a definite date, early enough in 1936 to make an effective campaign. Failure to do this may lead to resentment which will split the American Commonwealth Political Federation and, by discouraging its supporters, threaten the position of the present holders of third-party power.

Chicago. ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Continent of Power

THE National Power Survey of the federal government ranks with the National Resources Board and the T.V.A. as one of the most dramatic episodes of President Roosevelt's New Deal. Described by Basil Manly, Commissioner in charge, as "the first engineering study of the electric-light and power industry that has ever been made on national scale in the United States," its reports, when completed, will provide one of the most authoritative and exhaustive accounts ever published of the power resources and requirements of continental United States.

That a survey of such basic character has had to wait for one hundred and fifty years—the entire lifetime of the Republic—is just another example of the American way of muddling through. That its final inauguration should have been prompted largely by considerations of "national defense" is what one would expect in a world crammed with munitions dumps and jittery with war psychosis. However late in coming, and whatever its motives, the Power Survey will undoubtedly perform one of the most valuable social services of this generation: provided, of course, that Congress, the public utilities and other vested interests keep off the right-of-way.

The First (Interim) Report[1] is an eye-opener, not only as to what our power resources could be but also as to our many serious deficiencies and the problems that would be created either by a return to pre-depression "prosperity" or by emergency war needs. We find, for example, that although there is in the United States today a total of about 3,500 private and municipal power utilities, 93 percent of the total electrical energy generated and distributed in 1933 came from only 215 systems, of which 194 were private and 21 municipal. At the top of this key group we find the Niagara Hudson Power Corporation, with a 1933 production of over five billion kilowatt hours, and the Consolidated Gas Company of New York, which serves the largest clientele in the country (at notoriously exorbitant rates). Twenty other systems (most of them privately owned) each produced in excess of one billion kilowatt hours, while outside the group altogether are some 3,000 minor plants, with anywhere from ten to a few hundred thousand customers, struggling to make the most of the re-

[1] Federal Power Commission: National Power Survey, Interim Report (Power Series No. 1). Washington, D. C., Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office. Maps, charts, illustrations. 58 pages. 75 cents.

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maining 7 percent of the total electrical distribution.

Such technical inefficiency, plus the ravages of the depression, completely explode the myth of "surplus" electrical capacity in the United States. On the basis of domestic and industrial consumption of power during the past crisis years, any resumption of normal economic activity would find our existing generating plant 4,000,000 kilowatts short of adequate capacity, as measured by 1929 figures. That is to say, we would lack the power equivalent of some fifty large generating stations, each of which would require from two to seven years to put into operation, and an aggregate capital expenditure of at least $300,000,000. Furthermore, 68 percent of existing plants are from ten to thirty years old: an appalling degree of obsolescence, which will necessitate the scrapping and replacement of at least 2,000,000 kilowatts. Six million kilowatts of nonexistent and inefficient generating capacity—while it is estimated that the energy load required by electric appliances only (built up for the most part since 1930) is in excess of 8,000,000,000 kilowatt hours annually. The Report estimates that 1937 power consumption for the nation as a whole will increase by about 20 percent compared to 1929: 65 percent for the domestic load, 12 percent for the small light and power load, and large increases due to rural electrification and to those rapidly developing "new industries" which employ electro-chemical methods in the fabrication of a wide range of durable and consumers' goods.

On this subject the Report minces no words:

> As a comparison, the amount of this increase is considerably in excess of the total present central-station power requirements in the entire southern part of the country, including the states of Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, Oklahoma and New Mexico.

In other words, the estimated power consumption of the United States for 1937 will exceed that of 1929 by an amount well above the present generating capacity serving more than 36,000,000 people inhabiting an area of nearly 1,000,000 square miles. And this in a country with a potential *undeveloped* hydro-electric capacity of nearly 52,000,000 kilowatts: thirteen times the estimated shortage, and enough to supply every inhabitant of the United States with 2,200 kilowatt hours a year instead of the meager 600 now being consumed (on the average) by domestic customers. Small wonder that the experts of the National Power Survey wail about "critical shortages" affecting every one of the seven power zones into which they have divided the country—particularly "the great industrial districts of the East and Middle West." Or that, remembering the bitter experiences of the last War, they should wax eloquent on the importance of power in national defense.

In regard to the geographic distribution of generating capacity, it is worth noting that Zones 1 and 2, representing the Northeast and the Middle West areas, account for over two-thirds of the national total. Next in order comes Zone 7, Pacific Southwest (location of Boulder Dam), with 10.4 percent. Zones 4, 5 and 6 (the last including the site of the great Diablo and Bonneville projects), covering an enormous area rich in natural resources, average about four percent each. For every zone the report presents a detailed analysis of deficits and surpluses with special reference to water-power possibilities. In this connection the eight remarkably fine maps are of high value. Not only do we have here the first official map of the electrical generating and distributing industry ever published, but also an excellent oversize relief map showing the location of undeveloped water-power sites, and smaller maps illustrating coal, oil and natural-gas production and rural electrification. A study of the last-named shows us, for example, that the 500,000-odd farms in Texas are only two-percent electrified, while 56 percent of Massachusetts' 25,600 farms enjoy this advantage. In general, the Pacific and Northern Atlantic areas rate highest, with from 30 to 60 percent rural electrification: the average for the "Deep South" (despite the now possibly "unconstitutional" T.V.A. developments) is about three percent. Such violent extremes suggest that we are dealing, not with the United States alone, but with the United States and, say, the Orient.

The basic problem of the Survey is the relation of our power resources to future planning by the government and by industry at large. This problem breaks down into dozens of others, all intimately connected and each demanding the utmost of engineering skill and economic foresight. Fuel resources in coal and oil; improvements in engine design and fuel efficiency—best central-station practice is now down to one pound or less of coal per kilowatt hour; transmission systems; comparative merits of water and steam-power plants; installation and distribution costs; the best methods of consolidating existing plants, in connection with a program for the construction of new units and the scrapping of "redundant" ones; interstate transfer of power—these are some of the subjects summarized in the present Interim Report with admirable clarity and to be developed at greater length in forthcoming reports. The question of the cost of electricity to the ultimate consumer, however, is the affair of another division of the Federal Power Commission: the Rate Survey, some of whose preliminary findings have already been discussed in these pages by Morris Llewellyn Cooke.

In the matter of specific, large-scale and long-term recommendations the Power Survey has little to offer. Since its inception (by Executive Order issued in August, 1933) most of its activities have been restricted to fact-finding and to the orderly presentation of a vast quantity of information hitherto quite inaccessible to specialists, not to say the general public. The investigations conducted by

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a field staff of exceptionally high caliber have shown, and will continue to show, that the United States is not only in a very literal sense a Continent of Power, but also, as a nation, one of the most wasteful, negligent and inefficient exploiters of this vital resource. Merely to state that in 1929, despite our national extravagance, the United States accounted, on the basis of its power production, for nearly half of the total work of the world, is sufficient proof of what the American giant could do if the thousand invisible strands of economic strangulation and financial chicane were broken through once and for all. Unfortunately, the problem of how to break these strands begins where even the most painstaking and factually valuable survey ends.

Under the heading, "A Chart for the Future," the Interim Report has a passage whose dramatic effect is intensified by the recent power strikes in southern Illinois and in the Toledo, Ohio, district. What follows is not the opinion of economists or sociologists but of engineers who are learning to be both:

> Control of power is a social as well as an engineering and economic problem. If the flow of electricity should suddenly cease, it would be a national catastrophe of unimaginable magnitude. Our homes, streets and highways would be in darkness. Street cars, subways, elevators and conveyors would suddenly stop and even railroad transportation would be impossible at night without electric signals. Radios would cease to function and the ships on the high seas would be immediately endangered. Factories would be forced to shut down, modern bakeries would cease to produce bread, the water supply of cities would be interrupted by the failure of the electric pumps and perishable food would rapidly deteriorate for lack or refrigeration. There would be no fire alarm, no burglar alarm, no telegraph, no telephone and few newspapers. Electric light and power has come to be almost as essential an element in our daily lives as the bread we eat and the water we drink. Modern civilization would collapse with the failure of the sources of electric light and power.

That just about tells the story.

HAROLD WARD.

This is the first of several articles by Mr. Ward summarizing and discussing important government publications and other official documents.—THE EDITORS.

The High Cost of Nationalism

AMONG the three courses described by Secretary Wallace in his pamphlet, "America Must Choose," the country seems to have chosen nationalism. Psychologically it seems to be on the road towards living by home trade rather than by world trade, or even by a planned middle course. Not only industrialists but farmers want to keep the tariff wall high; they deny that America must take imports for exports in order to recover. Neither group, of course, would mind importing what it does not produce; but since each group desires protection for itself, the resulting stalemate is nationalism. Senator Vandenberg said in the Senate on May 8 that agriculture as well as industry needs higher tariffs, because its artificially stimulated price level shuts it out of the foreign market anyway and exposes the home market to increased foreign competition. Scores of resolutions passed by farmers' organizations testify that this is also the agricultural view, that tariff protection is essential to the A.A.A. system of crop control, and that to import commodities the production of which we restrict is highly inconsistent.

The Road Ahead.—Keen as ever for world trade, Secretary Wallace says that while the concessions in imports should be primarily industrial, as a step towards reducing the disparity between farm and non-farm prices, agriculture should be prepared also to make some concessions. But this view does not go down well with the farmers. Competitive farm imports are as yet only a trickle; such imports testify, indeed, to the recovery of agriculture, since they demonstrate that American prices are attractive to foreigners. Nevertheless, agriculture fears that the trickle may become a flood. Sometimes the farm standpoint looks muddled, as it did when the legislature of North Dakota demanded an embargo on imports of flax, wheat, hogs, cattle and beef, and at the same time asked to have the existing tariff on feed grains set aside. But such inconsistencies merely emphasize the desire to hold the American market for the American farmer. Should the proposal to stimulate exports through imports fail, there will be no point in dealing out praise or blame, since even the groups that have most to gain by it reject its implications. But we ought to try to figure out the consequences of going nationalist.

One consequence is the tendency of lost foreign trade to stay lost. In the collapse of world trade after 1929, our proportion declined more than that of almost any other country. It was only 9.8 percent of the total in 1934, as compared with 13.8 percent in 1929. Relief cannot be expected from the trade-agreements program, which moves far too slowly. That agriculture suffers more than industry from this decline in international trade we know from the declining proportion that farm exports constitute of our total exports. In the fiscal year 1935-36, judging from present indications,

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the proportion will be the lowest in our history. Government statisticians believe it may be scarcely 30 percent, as compared with 32 percent in the 1929-30 period, the previous low year, and 48 percent in 1924-25. Countries that formerly took our farm goods have tremendously increased their internal production, as may be seen from a study by the Department of Agriculture of the foreign trade and the internal production of fifteen countries in the first half of 1934. The following list gives their foreign trade and their internal production as percentages of what these quantities were in the first half of 1929, and shows that in most countries, with the striking exception of the United States, increased home trade largely compensates for decreased world trade:

	100=1929	
	Foreign Trade	*Internal Production*
Sweden	40	99
United Kingdom	35	96
Germany	35	85
France	40	70
Denmark	40	110
Canada	35	93
Italy	37	80
Netherlands	40	70
Norway	40	100
Japan	40	127
Belgium	40	68
Russia	40	200
Czechoslovakia	85	65
Poland	30	60
United States	25	65

Thus we lose the option between nationalism and internationalism by the mere lapse of time.

Relative self-containment may have compensations. It obviates capital exports, with their liability to cause war, diversifies production and makes increased consumption necessary. It moves toward an internal balance. But the cost will press unequally on different groups, and will vary with the time allowed for the change. Haste will prove expensive. Every group will have to share; and to inquire how the cost will be distributed is useful.

The Cost to Agriculture of a Self-Containment Policy.—First let us see what nationalism will cost agriculture. That we can hide behind our tariff and not lose still more farm-export trade is inconceivable. Some investigators say foreign countries can get dollar exchange without sending goods here; they point out that in 1934 our net gold imports exceeded $1,200,000,000—three times the sum required to pay for our net commodity exports. But the gold inflow, says the Department of Commerce, was largely the return flow of funds that had been shifted from the United States the previous year in flight from the dollar. It was not a movement that can long continue. Eventually, exports must be paid for in imports, unless the exporting countries excuse the payment; hence the clear trend of our import exclusion policy is toward a further loss of exports. Agriculture cannot hope for speedy compensation. It cannot recoup itself through price gains at the expense of the home consumer, even with processing-tax persuasion; for beyond a certain point price gains do not increase net income. Agriculture has achieved only a negative benefit through crop limitation—only a stop-loss result. For positive permanent gain it must look to an increased demand. Further decline in its foreign trade will involve it in further loss.

It is well to have no illusions about this. Costs and prices come together in the long run, and producers cannot permanently charge as much for a small as for a large supply. Agriculture cannot make the domestic consumer indemnify it wholly for its decreased exports. It may fairly ask a fair price for what it supplies; but not an addition representing what foreign consumers would take were they buying as much as ever. With the foreign market gone, agriculture has to reduce its output and be content with a reward proportionate to its smaller service. Crop reduction through acreage limitation and drought has passed the point of diminishing returns already; farm income during the first five months of 1935 was only slightly larger than in the corresponding period of 1934, though farm marketings were considerably smaller. Crop limitation is no substitute for a sufficient market, but merely a readjustment device. Agriculture can increase its earnings in the long run only by production for a rising demand. With part of its job gone, there is so much less work for it and so much less pay.

In an expanding market all industries, rural and urban, develop their comparative advantages and specialize in their best lines. As the orthodox economy teaches, this promotes efficiency and increases wealth. In a declining market the reverse process begins. Industries then develop their *disadvantages*. For agriculture this is the second great item in the readjustment to nationalism. Unless farmers regain their foreign market, they must retire 10,000,000 to 20,000,000 harvested acres, or shift about 40,000,000 acres to grass and forage. Farm contraction exclusively through the retirement of submarginal land would necessitate taking more than 50,000,000 acres out of production. These figures, the calculations of the A.A.A., assume a little revival of foreign trade and some increase in home consumption. Should economic conditions get worse, still greater acreage retirement will be necessary. In so great a readjustment much land well adapted to certain crops will have to grow something else.

Though we shall continue to export much cotton, the import-exclusion policy will force big shifts in the South. Before the depression we grew cotton on 40,000,000 acres or more. Permanent loss of the foreign market would mean dropping to 18,000,000 acres or even to 15,000,000, since the acreage remaining would tend to be the better land. It would be still harder to deal with the unem-

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ployed cotton hands. Our foreign market for wheat is practically gone. Last year we exported only 37,000,000 bushels, mainly by subsidy through the North Pacific Emergency Export Association, a method of dumping that for obvious reasons cannot be continued indefinitely. In 1932, the last year before the A.A.A. began operations, our farmers seeded 61,000,000 acres to wheat. Production only for the domestic market, if on the better lands, would require scarcely 45,000,000 acres. Shifting our wheat industry to a domestic basis would divert much good wheat land to unsatisfactory uses, as for example in the Palouse region. Land forced out of wheat might go into mixed farming with dairying an important enterprise. Similarly, the Corn Belt, if compelled to cease exporting hog products, might turn to dairying, with beef-raising as an important sideline. That would be serious for the Northeast and for the range country.

The Cost to Industry.—In trying to figure how this will affect non-farm business, and to judge whether or not urban industry would do better to let the farmer have his foreign market back, we have to put among the drawbacks to nationalism the fact that it will mean a long continued farm control. Industry will not like that, because farm control involves some measure of business control. And yet there is no alternative. Blind competition would shrink agriculture sufficiently after a time; but the displaced farm folk would raid the cities for relief. It is obviously more efficient to prorate the acreage retirement than to throw the whole burden on the weaker farmers. In the first emergency the A.A.A. made crop-adjustment contracts based on the past production of individual farmers in a way that tended to make this past production a sort of property right, to freeze farming in the historic mold, to bar out new producers and to prevent desirable adjustments to changing economic, physical and climatic conditions. The A.A.A. now looks toward a regional approach, with administrative detail decentralized and central guidance retained. Such a change would give individual farmers more freedom, but it would not relax the control principle. On the contrary, it would extend that principle over more crops and more phases of agriculture. Handlers, shippers and processors of farm products would not get their old volume back, nor be rid of administrative regulations.

Were this prospect of continued farm control the sole drawback of the import-exclusion policy, industry could tolerate it. But the policy involves greater drawbacks. On a cursory glance the nationalist program seems made to order for urban industry, whereas the world-trade policy, with its threat to the industrial price structure, looks like a proposal to exchange a farm surplus for a factory surplus. That the industrialist should balk is natural. When asked to favor lower tariffs so that farmers may export more, he shrugs. How does he know that the increased imports will not displace his own goods instead of promoting additional consumption? Frankly, he cannot know. More purchasing power means more consumption only if distributed so that it matches the desire for goods; and the import program by itself does not ensure that. We must look beyond the probable first effects to see the chief drawback of strict nationalism. This is its tendency to create unemployment, not only directly in agriculture and in the industries dependent upon agriculture, but indirectly in the protected urban industries. The first step is plain. By preventing farm exports, the nationalist course saves a few city jobs but destroys many farm jobs; the more serious effect comes later. Nationalism creates unemployment by retarding consumption.

Farm goods do not move indefinitely into consumption when their prices fall, because wants are limited. In fifteen years, through booms and depressions, food consumption per capita in the United States has varied only two percent annually. With factory goods the market tends to be limited only by purchasing power. Nationalism blocks consumption by preventing an exchange of things not wanted for things that could be used; by preventing, for example, an exchange of cotton or wheat for wines, laces, optical goods, tin and so forth. It inhibits a change in the *commodity form* of the surplus, though such a change might speed consumption. Hence it puts back the need for new production. In Europe nationalism may increase production, because there its function is to supply shortages. In the United States nationalism means balancing production and consumption through underconsumption and unemployment.

Redistribution of Income as the Final Answer.—In one sense we have to go nationalist anyhow; because we have to balance domestic consumption with domestic production or its equivalent. We have to dispense with a favorable balance of trade —an excess of exports over imports. This follows from the breakdown of international credit, which forces exporting countries either to stop exporting or to take their pay at once in goods. Exports can continue to exceed imports (of goods or gold) only when international credit is sound, or when exporting countries can collect by force of arms. In 1934 our excess of exports over imports was only $478,000,000, as compared with $4,016,061,000 in 1919 and an annual average of $850,000,000 from 1921 to 1929. Our favorable trade balance will disappear regardless of whether or not we receive imports; for if we shut foreign goods out, we shut our own goods in; and if we receive imports, the international trade will break even. Inevitably, therefore, we must set about balancing our consumption with our production internally, with only an option between a clumsy and a skillful method. The clumsy method would be a quick jump into a nationalism tending to exclude foreign trade except in noncompetitive goods like rubber and coffee, and tend-

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ing to leave our domestic surplus unchanged in form and therefore likely to pass only slowly into consumption. By the more skillful method, we should approach a domestic balance between production and consumption just the same; but we should do so gradually, with production continued along traditional lines and with consumption facilitated through international exchange.

Lacking a favorable balance of trade, we have just two possible ways of balancing our consumption with our production. We can increase the consumption, or cut down the production. In other words we can choose between lower prices on the one hand and unemployment on the other. Either method involves a drastic and painful redistribution of the national income, and the choice will finally depend on our estimate as to which course seems likely to involve the least discomfort. It makes no difference whether we strike the production-consumption balance with or without foreign trade. The necessity to redistribute income remains. It arises, not from the practical choice open to us between nationalism and internationalism, but from the fact that we can no longer safely postpone the receipt of payment for exports. It is not practicable any longer to offset low per-capita consumption at home by an indefinite increase in the number of consumers abroad. Only by consuming what we produce, or its equivalent, can we be sure of having it; and in order to accomplish this, we have to distribute income so that it will be spent.

Regarded in this light, the redistribution of income is not a proposal but a necessity. It results automatically from the breakdown of international credit, and the consequent necessity to cease exporting or receive goods immediately in exchange. With supplies thus continually piling up, increased consumption per capita is the only answer; and this involves a redistribution of income. Production could be checked to make room for the imports; but that would not obviate the need to redistribute income. It would simply mean redistributing a decreased total through farm relief and unemployment relief, instead of an enlarged total through lower prices. The choice may depend on how soon the cost of poor relief offsets the apparent advantage of scarcity and high prices.

So viewed, the attractions of the high-tariff policy for industry begin to fade. As the price of a continued monopoly of the domestic market, industry must carry the weight of a crippled agriculture and of a formidable army of unemployed. What it gains in price rigidities, to use Secretary Wallace's phrase, it loses in mounting tax bills. With foreign trade excluded, it has to bear also the consequences of agriculture's enforced renunciation of its comparative advantages. Relative inefficiency in agriculture does not promote industrial prosperity. In the long run the cure for depression is more production; but this involves more consumption too; in other words it involves a redistribution of income. And if industry has to face that in any case, long views may be better than short. We can have a high standard of living eventually without much international trade, if we pay the price in internal readjustment. Nationalism does not preclude efficiency. But why struggle for nationalism if the big task still remains; if with or without nationalism we still have to balance production and consumption internally? It cannot be done forever through scarcity.

ARTHUR P. CHEW.

The Left Wing Theatre in America

IN SUMMING up the Broadway season just passed, more than one critic of the drama took occasion to stress the growing importance of the left-wing theatres in New York. They pointed to two successful seasons for the Theatre Union, in which a half-million people saw its four plays; to the Group Theatre's ringing productions of "Awake and Sing!" and "Waiting for Lefty"; to the artistry of Artef, a Yiddish social theatre; to the fiery playing of the Theatre of Action; and to the spectacular rise of New Theatre Magazine.

It was less than two years ago that the Theatre Union pioneered with "Peace on Earth," an anti-war play, and announced that it would continue to produce plays written "from the point of view of the mass of people, the working people, the people as a class." It was the first thoroughly professional theatre to dedicate itself to such a course. At that time the critics scarcely knew what to make of the play, its exuberant audience of workers, or the long run that they maintained for it. Now it is obvious to everyone that "Peace on Earth" was a signpost pointing to a new road for the American theatre.

In producing this working-class play *professionally* the Theatre Union was staking out new territory for a movement that already was well under way. For some years now amateur workers' theatres have been increasing and gaining in strength. With the propulsion of the professional workers' theatres behind it, this movement is developing with a speed rivaling that of the little-theatre movement a decade ago. Throughout the United States today there are hundreds of New Theatres—many are so named—dedicated to plays that say something about the society we live in, that mirror the struggles of the working class, that cry for change.

An indication of the strength of the movement is a national organization, New Theatre League, in

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which three hundred groups are affiliated. About a third of them are foreign-language theatres. Many are attached to unions, fraternal societies and other workers' organizations. The organization is flexible: there are no entrance requirements beyond agreement on the minimum program, and very small fees. The attitude is extremely cordial and receptive towards "outsiders"—in other words to the steadily increasing number of member groups from churches, settlement houses, Y.M.C.A.'s, schools and colleges, and little theatres that are drawn towards the "social play" by its freshness and vigor.

The first need of the movement is scripts; the League maintains a repertory service of mimeographed skits, one-act plays and longer dramas in manuscript and printed form. It wisely recognizes that royalties have something to do with the supply of scripts, and persistently and patiently announces to its groups that playwrights must eat. It varies its charges from fifty cents a performance for short skits, to the professional standard of five percent of the gross intake for a week's run.

Most of the amateur groups are still far behind the technical excellence attained by the little theatres. A National Training School in New York enrolled 300 this spring. Branches have been started in Chicago and elsewhere. Directors, and advisers on technique, are on call for groups near New York. National and regional competitions among member groups are a means of raising the level of productions, of exchanging ideas and of proving strength. Another useful aid is a bi-monthly bulletin of organizational and technical advice—Theatre Front.

The League publishes New Theatre, a general, lively magazine of news and comment on stage, screen and dance. The left-wing theatres are its special province, but it reviews Broadway plays and general theatre matters as well. Doubling its circulation every second month and enlarging its scope with every issue, New Theatre Magazine is now a recognized force in the theatre world.

As the movement grows stronger, it is opposed by various forms of censorship: the withdrawing of halls by intimidated owners; revoking of licenses by city authorities; arrests on charges of disorderly conduct, obscenity, etc.; brutal assaults, kidnaping and other hoodlumism by patrioteers. There have been twenty such attacks this year. Organizing a vigorous fight against all forms of censorship, as well as manifestations of violence, is part of the League's work.

Side by side with the need for greater technical excellence in the New Theatres is a strong tendency towards professional standards in directing, acting and setting. The success of the professional social theatres has hastened it, but it actually grows out of a fundamental concept of the *function* of the New Theatres. They do not exist, as the little theatres did, merely to furnish dramatic entertainment, or to experiment in new forms and techniques, or to serve as a medium for people to "express themselves." They exist because they want to say something important about society, effectively, and to a large number of people.

In business and promotional methods, the New Theatres are approaching professional standards also. The Theatre Union pioneered in this field, indicating a method by which unsubsidized and poverty-stricken theatres could count on their audiences as a financial asset. It adapted the Broadway theatre-party idea to the needs of workers' organization, went directly to the labor movement for organized support, and has been able to guarantee six to nine-week runs for its plays in advance of raising the curtain. The New Theatres are following this lead.

Several outside New York are now able to maintain a run of several weeks, often in a professional house, where little theatres were content with a few subscription performances. Contemporary Theatre of Los Angeles played "Peace on Earth" for two weeks, and had a four-week run with "Sailors of Cattaro." Hawthorne House of Los Angeles ran "Stevedore" for two weeks. The Civic Players of Milwaukee ran "Peace on Earth" for two weeks. San Francisco Theatre Union has just opened it for a run, and has broadcast a scene for promotional purposes. Pittsburgh New Theatre is planning a run for "Waiting for Lefty." New Theatre Players of Boston have performed it in fifteen New England towns and booked it in thirteen others.

In the matter of "stationary" and "mobile" work the theatres overlap. It used to be supposed that professional workers' theatres, when they were established, would be "stationary," producing in their own houses, and that the amateur theatres would continue to take their plays to workers' halls and street meetings. Now both types of theatres often do both things. The latest and most vigorous example is the Theatre of Action in New York City, which, as the amateur Workers' Laboratory Theatre, has produced some of the finest of the mobile plays.

No two of the New Theatres follow exactly the same organizational pattern. Many began with a group of sympathetic workers who had some talent or interest in the theatre but little experience. The outstanding theatre of this type is the Artef in New York City, whose members work in factories and offices during the day and rehearse and play in the evening. A number of the groups are "collectives." The members live together and divide what funds there are. The Theatre of Action and the Theatre Collective in New York are of this type.

Especially in cities outside New York, the New Theatres are combinations of some moribund little theatre and a struggling workers' group. The combination seems to be a good one; the little-theatre people contribute their superior craftsmanship, and the workers their close contact with the masses, their vitality, their understanding of what needs

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saying and how to get an audience to listen to it.

Among the professional theatres, too, there are various types of organization. The Group Theatre, which has produced such notable social plays as "1931—" "Awake and Sing!" and "Waiting for Lefty," maintains a large permanent company. Its high quality of acting and directing is argument enough for this method of organization. The Theatre Union began without a permanent group of players and has been working toward that ideal with some modifications. It has just designated a group of six players who will form a permanent nucleus, and expects to continue auxilliary casting as long as necessary. Theatre of Action has a permanent company, built up through its years of amateur production.

Will the new movement influence the Broadway stage? To some extent it has done so already. But managers still remember the sad box-office experiences of previous attempts to do "social" plays on Broadway. "Gods of the Lightning," "Precedent," "1931—" and " 'We, the People' " were financial failures. The Theatre Guild has pointed up the contradictions of presenting revolutionary material to the holders of $3.30 seats in "They Shall Not Die," John Wexley's dramatization of the Scottsboro case last season, and "Parade," its recent satirical political revue. The customers who can afford to come do not like these offerings—they walk out and write indignant letters to the management. The natural audience that would flock in to cheer cannot afford the price. The cheapest seat at an uptown theatre usually is the top price at the workers' theatre, which scales its balconies down to twenty-five or thirty cents, and gives away free seats to the unemployed besides. Even when thoroughly professional, the New Theatres are noncommercial. Their low price scale is part of their concept—to attract as many people as possible, and especially to attract the workers, to hear what they have to say. Broadway cannot afford to compete with them.

Lack of plays constitutes the greatest single difficulty of the New Theatres. The influence of the Theatre Union in this matter has been profound. Critics within the workers' theatre movement had recognized for years that "raw, undeveloped propaganda skits were not enough to satisfy the audiences." By their great attention to sound dramatic writing and rounded characterization, the Theatre Union playwrights broke new ground. Most important of all, they were unhampered by the demands of a Broadway box office, as previous "social playwrights" had been.

At the present time the greatest need is for short plays, since most of the groups are not yet sufficiently developed to sustain a full-length play. The success of "Waiting for Lefty," already produced in thirty cities, indicates the script demands of these theatres. Especially now while they are feeling for their strength, they need plays that can be simply and inexpensively produced, but plays that speak with a new voice, honestly and boldly and in terms of the mature theatre. Workers' audiences are quick to detect a sentimental approach, a false characterization, an evasion of the facts, a compromise conclusion, and they are less willing than they were to accept slogans and flag-waving in place of honest drama.

Where a "proletarian" novel sells 2,000 copies, a Theatre Union play is seen by 125,000 people in New York, reaches publication and enters the repertory of out-of-town theatres. The Theatre of Action, playing in the streets, in workers' halls and in a professional theatre, estimates that a million people saw its performances in three years. Drama is the mass art; the New Theatres are providing the machinery to bring it back to the masses.

ALBERT MALTZ.

Snake Blue

IT IS spring. Snake Blue has moved onto Jim Turner's place. He has moved here to farm. Where Jim farmed last year they asked too much rent. He paid one-half of everything he raised. His house and garden were furnished free—that and the well water and the air he breathed. On Jim Turner's place Snake only has to pay two-fifths and he gets his house and garden free, as well as pasture for the cow—a cow poor as Job's turkey. The turkey had to stand twice in one place to make a shadow. Snake also gets a mule to pull the plow.

It is spring. Sun shines warm on the Kentucky hills. The butterflies come back to the road puddles and suck around and the bees hum on the redbuds. Green is getting back to the woods. It is time to start plowing. Snake goes to the field and cuts sprouts all day long. Five of his children work in the field with him. They are dirty-nosed young 'uns that go to the field and grub sassafras sprouts ahead of the plow guided by Snake. Snake is getting somewhat drooped in the shoulders, though he is only forty-three. Bessie, his wife, is forty-two. She has another baby on the road. She is good for two more babies besides the one on the way.

Snake goes to the field every day it is not bad weather and takes the children. Two are boys and three are girls. The girls use mattocks and double-bitted axes like the boys. Snake and his family are white sharecroppers in east Kentucky. In east Kentucky a Negro sharecropper is a rarity. I have never known of one myself—not in my section of the hills. But the white sharecropper is so often called white trash. He is a ne'er-do-well with a big family that never squats over a couple of years at the most in one place—always, always trying to lighten the yoke around his neck.

Jim Turner has Snake do a couple of days' work each week for him. He does this to help Snake out, he says. Snake has to have a little grub to go

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on, he says, while he is making a crop. You have to have some money when there are nine mouths to feed. Snake works two days a week for Jim and he gets seventy-five cents a day and his dinner. He is damn glad to get that, the way times are. Maybe work will pick up this fall and Snake can get a few days' work at the steel mills. They are not far away—just twenty miles.

Jim is considerate with Snake. He stands good for Snake's bills at the store. Snake gives Jim a "lean" on the crop.

The spring is hard on Snake and his family. Bessie often says, "If we can just pull through the spring till young taters and beans and roastin'-ears come on—a body can sorty live then. Now it is so hard to get grub to feed the children. It's right in crop time and a body is so needy."

The cow gives a good bucket of milk now. Bessie churns the milk and gets the butter "to season with." It takes the place of grease. The children spread butter on hot cornbread and eat it with buttermilk. That good old cow is the life of the family.

Pokeberry greens are picked almost every day. A fat piece of sowbelly is boiled with the greens to season them. Snake got a couple of meal sacks of half-frozen Irish potatoes from Jim when he moved on the place. The family is still using them. Times are blue. There is not much to eat. The family is worked down lean. Summer will come with growing things—things to eat. Then life will not be so bad as it has been for Snake and his family. They have their crop in the ground. It is growing and looking good. Time is going on. Summer will soon come. When summer comes they will have more to eat.

The corn on Jim Turner's hills looks good. It is Snake's corn. Snake is a good corn raiser. He is the best corn raiser Jim ever had on his place. Snake is glad that the crops are good. He is also glad that Bessie had luck with her tenth baby. She dug potatoes that Saturday morning in early August until the down-pain struck her. She went to the house and had her baby without a doctor. Granny Fitch came from across the hill and helped with the baby. Bessie was up from the bed in a week doing her work. Said she wouldn't a-laid in the bed seven days, but her mother always did that and she told her to always do it and take no chances with the sicknesses that come after giving birth to a baby. The baby was big and strong and another boy too—another boy for the fields! Jim Turner's wife also had a baby and it was a boy. Granny Fitch said so many boy babies being born was the sign of another war and wars always brought good times.

The summer rain and sun have brought the crops to full maturity. The autumn sun has ripened them. Leaves fall. It is time to gather the potatoes. It is time to cut the corn and tobacco and to make up the molasses. The good time is here. The good time is when the crops are gathered and there is plenty to eat. Last spring it was tough sledding on pokeberry greens, frost-bitten taters, cornbread and buttermilk; hot biscuits and sugar-tree syrup for breakfast with coffee to drink made of parched corn and sweetened with sorghum molasses. Now autumn is here. Berries are canned. Apple butter is made. Taters are dug and buried to keep for the winter. Apples are picked and put away. 'Lasses is in the barrel. But the old cow is dry. She'll be fresh before green gets back to the pasture next spring.

It is time to divide the crop. The corn is cut and husked. Jim gets eighty shocks for his rent, but Snake sells him all the rest he can spare to even things up at the store. Snake also sells his part of the tobacco except what he needs for chewing and his wife for smoking. He keeps all his taters. He doesn't sell a one. He knows only too well that taters are the next best thing to bread. He also keeps nearly all the 'lasses the cane-patch made. A man with taters and 'lasses and cornbread ain't going to starve no matter if the cow does go dry. With all this Snake can live with his ten children until another spring. But when the store bill was paid, Snake only had thirty-two cents left in cash.

Snake had Jim draw up another "artikle" and he made his cross and got Lonnie Woodberry to sign it for him. He determined to stay another year with Jim Turner. He had at least broke even and had a something left in the house for the winter. Snake could look about him and see lots of Kentucky white trashers. They were in lots worse places than he.

JESSE STUART.

Southern Pines

White pine, yellow pine,
The first man fearing the forest
Felled trees, afraid of shadow,
His own shade in the shadow of pinewoods.

Slash pine, loblolly,
The second man wore tarheels,
Slashed pine, gashed pine,
The land changed to a sea-charge.

Short leaf, long leaf,
The third man had aching pockets.
Mill town, lumber mill,
Buzzards sailed the piney barrens.

Cut pine, burnt pine,
The fourth man's eyes burned in starvation,
Bone-back cattle, razor-back hogs
Achieve the seedling, end the pinewoods.

JOHN PEALE BISHOP.

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Washington Notes

Will Congress Stampede?—Watch the Rural Bloc—Support for Inflation—A Disappointing Labor Conference

CONGRESS now resembles a herd of Texas longhorns, milling about in their own dust, red-eyed, with lolling tongues and clashing horns. Within a few days it is likely to stampede. If a stampede occurs, it will mean the enactment of a tax and financial program that will set the issues for 1936. This has been a long, quarrelsome session. It has given an opportunity for the representatives of the country districts to become organized and disciplined. If they once break loose, they will sweep over the present plans of the administration and trample them into the dirt.

The rural bloc has two main divisions—the Northwestern progressives, bent on general economic reform, and the Father Coughlin inflationists. Intermittently, these two groups have been joined by advocates of the bonus. During the present session many personal alliances have been formed among the leaders, and votes swapped back and forth. The Northwestern progressives want a drastic upward revision of income and estate taxes and the imposition of an inheritance tax. They believe that this is the best opportunity to get increased taxes that will come in a long while. The immediate demand of the inflationists is the Frazier-Lemke bill for refinancing farm mortgages by the printing of three billions of paper money. Their ultimate objective is Father Coughlin's bill, of which Mr. Lemke is also sponsor, to establish a United States bank.

The House leaders have refused to let the mortgage-refinancing bill out of committee. Some weeks ago, the inflationists tried to force it onto the floor by petition, and aided by the Northwestern progressives and the bonus advocates, succeeded in obtaining two hundred and seven names, only nine short of the needed number. Under administration pressure, three names have been withdrawn in the last few days. But it still requires only the slightest push to get the bill out of committee, and, once out, it would unquestionably be passed by the House.

The inflationists already have the rural bloc. What they need is support from the cities. Here is where their allies, the bonus advocates, can help them. With aid from the bonus group, the inflationists are planning to take the utmost advantage of the tight parliamentary situation created by the struggle for increased taxes. They hope to drive the Frazier-Lemke bill through the House. Afterwards, they will help the bonus leaders. Grandiose strategy of this sort is not often successful. But no one outside of Washington can appreciate the semi-religious passion with which many representatives of the farm states believe in inflation as a cure-all. Their fervor does not spring from Father Coughlin's Sunday radio programs. It comes from their fathers and grandfathers, and has been shared by every generation back to the debt-ridden soldiers and farmers of the American Revolution. The House inflationist group has been tantalizingly close to victory for many weeks. It is ready for an explosion.

Rather than face the uproar that would arise over the Frazier-Lemke bill, in my opinion Mr. Roosevelt will jettison his tax program and urge that Congress adjourn. It is not entirely certain that Congress will obey. Perhaps fifty members of the House would jump to the side of the inflationists if they were convinced that they were on the point of winning. There are powerful stock-market and commodity speculators who would provide funds and lobbyists for a promising paper-money fight. Probably no bill for outright inflation could be passed over Mr. Roosevelt's veto, but before the time for a veto arrived, the Democratic and Republican Parties would have been torn to ribbons, and existing political alignments wholly altered. The best weapon in Mr. Roosevelt's hands, if he decides on a hasty adjournment, will be the Washington heat. Potomac River humidity may save him. The decision of the House Ways and Means Committee, announced over the week-end, to put aside consideration of the tax bill in favor of the Guffey coal bill and the liquor-control bill, is seen by many as opening the way for a quiet presidential retreat from the time requirement on the tax program.

Huey Long's recent "coördination," after the fashion of Hitler, of Louisiana local governments, and the capture of New Orleans, showed weakness, instead of strength. Mr. Long has never had the luck of Father Coughlin in luring contributions from the public. The share-the-wealth movement is supported by admirers of Mr. Long who, by coincidence, are on the state payroll. Mr. Long has not been able to lay a finger on the $4,880,000,000 work-relief fund, and, to add to his troubles, Earl J. Christenberry, Long's secretary, has developed political ambitions of his own. There has been dissension among Long's intimates, not merely over the financing of the share-the-wealth movement, but over Mr. Christenberry's future career. In last week's "coördination" of Louisiana, Mr. Long seems to have been principally concerned in scraping up the jobs he had previously overlooked.

The recent conference for interstate labor compacts at Spring Lake, New Jersey, was a disappointment to the administration and to the A. F. of L. After the Schechter decision, both had played with the idea of a campaign to establish wage-and-hour standards by agreement among individual states. An exploratory meeting was called, early in June, at the Department of Labor, and addressed by Secretary Perkins. However, when the subsequent Spring Lake conference adjourned without any action being taken, enthusiasm for interstate compacts began to wane. After three years of continuous effort by State Senator Henry Parkman of Massachusetts and President Richard Watts of the Massachusetts Federation of Labor one compact has been agreed to, prohibiting child labor. However, the two states ratifying it—Massachusetts and New Hampshire—already had child-labor laws. Two more compacts, for minimum wages and maximum hours for women and children, have been drafted, but not yet signed. Sound as the compact movement is constitutionally, it seems to be fatally slow and complicated in practice.

T. R. B.

Washington.

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Other People's Money

Portrait of a Trust-Buster—Wall Street Sugar on a Washington Plum—Corcoran Tells the Truth

LOST AMID the items of trade on an obscure page of The New York Herald Tribune one day last week appeared a news note of more than passing interest. It recorded another one of those astonishing appointments of the President that make one wonder if he has any settled principle of appraisal and policy in naming his subordinates. Mr. Roosevelt has named John Dickinson, hitherto Assistant Secretary of Commerce, as Assistant Attorney General in charge of anti-trust suits.

Mr. Dickinson was a strange appointeee in the Commerce Department of the New Deal, though it must be confessed he was no stranger than his amazing little chief, Mr. Daniel Roper. I had always supposed that the Secretary of Commerce was the President's agent in supervising the operations of that important function of society called commerce in the interest of society. But Mr. Roper recently announced that he considered himself to be the trustee of business in his post. To such a Secretary Mr. Dickinson was a worthy lieutenant. But surely we do not want any trustees of business in the Attorney General's office and, above all, in the anti-trust division.

There is no question here of Mr. Dickinson's honesty, but merely of his fitness for the post to which he has been chosen. He is known as a professor of Law. But he has found time from his academic duties to appear as counsel for the Sugar Trust in its defense against one of the most recent anti-trust prosecutions. In fact he was of counsel for the sugar crowd at the very moment when he was named Assistant Secretary of Commerce.

He was brought into that case by the great Wall Street law firm of Sullivan and Cromwell, with which he has had very close alliance. There is no reason why Mr. Dickinson should not have close alliance with the firm of Sullivan and Cromwell. There is no reason why these gentlemen should not represent the sugar trust and any number of other such institutions. But there would be some reason to suppose that Messrs. Sullivan and Cromwell and Mr. Dickinson having elected to earn their bread on that side of the fence, they would not seek employment representing the people. At least you might suppose that the President of the United States would not go into that company for his law officer to enforce the anti-trust acts.

The President apparently thinks the Supreme Court is a bit old-fashioned. But at least it would not go so far in supporting the activities of the sugar crowd as Mr. Dickinson begged it to, for it rejected his thesis a little while after he took office—though of course he had withdrawn as counsel. At least it must be said for him that he believed in the position he took there. For in 1932, presumably while that case was pending, he wrote an article in The American Bar Association Journal supporting the modification of the anti-trust law to permit business to get together. The article described the author as professor of Law in the University of Pennsylvania. I think in the interest of fairness it should have added that he was also attorney for the sugar people.

But I understand that Mr. Dickinson's department will also have charge of the enforcement of the Securities and Exchange Act. Mr. Dickinson was one of the most active enemies of that Act. While he was Assistant Secretary of Commerce he appeared against it before the House Committee and lobbied against it. Singularly, the firm of Sullivan and Cromwell, or at least Mr. Eustace Seligman of that firm, was one of the leading critics of that bill and of the Securities Act.

Mr. Dickinson would have made an excellent Assistant Attorney General under Coolidge. But he is hardly the raw material from which the New Deal should select its legal talent. The appointment involves a principle. Should not the Senate—and the President too, if he can be brought to see it—lay down the rule that men charged with the regulation of powerful interests and the enforcement of laws against them ought not to be drawn from among those who, in the past, have elected to range themselves on the side of the affected interests and who have drawn their richest rewards from them?

There is something very touching, even stirring, in the patriotic outburst against the attempt of Thomas Corcoran unduly to influence the mind of a Congressman on the utility bill. All the pother against Tom Corcoran's activities comes from those gentlemen, who, only a short time ago, were ashamed to lift their heads in the presence of the nation—the power lobby, which was exposed by Judge Healy of the Federal Trade Commission. This lobby was found paying school teachers and college professors to poison the minds of their pupils, handing out money to clergymen to mix a little power propaganda with their exhortations to repentance, bribing editors, reporters and legislators and in general exerting their bold and impudent pressure upon state legislators everywhere.

They have been down in Washington in force and, oddly, have developed what might be called the "new impudence." That they have power again one need not doubt when a Congressman from Maine confesses that he is afraid to vote against them because he must depend on power support—a Democratic Congressman at that—indeed, a Congressman in a state that was disgraced by the operations there of Mr. Samuel Insull.

The passage in the House Committee between Corcoran and Brewster got down to a question of veracity. I don't know anything about Brewster save that after a long series of conferences with Corcoran, attending meetings of friends of the utility bill, etc., he voted against the death sentence. But I do know about Corcoran. And I know that if Tom Corcoran says the Brewster incident happened in a certain way, it happened that way. There is no man in Washington who has rendered greater and more unselfish service in all those departments of the New Deal that were really New Dealish than Tom Corcoran. He piloted the Securities Act, the Securities and Exchange Act, and now the utilities bill, through difficult and stormy waters. To the administration he has been a tower of strength while some other top-lofty and useful, even harmful, gentlemen were posturing near the center of the stage.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

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Love Me Some Other Time

SERIOUS music has had quite a career in the movies already, apart from its frequent use for purposes of accompaniment. There have been such awful things as the short subjects depicting the sad love life of Tchaikowsky, Liszt, *et al.;* an occasional recording of fragmentary symphonic performances; the more effective full-length works such as the recent "Unfinished Symphony" and the still supreme "Constant Nymph." And now in this same highbrow field comes Miss Grace Moore, bringing art to those who faint by the wayside for the lack thereof, and furnishing the text for today.

Grace Moore films—first "One Night of Love," now "Love Me Forever," and practically endless future possibilities: "Two Loves in One Night," "How Lovely, Lovey," "Love Me Tomorrow," "Love Me on Friday," etc.—these films threaten to become a tradition, and therefore cannot be turned aside lightly, but may be studied with profit. They have, so far at least, these significant elements in common: (1) a great deal of care for the mechanics of music, that the sound shall be recorded clear as a bell; (2) one original theme song and the balance Puccini; (3) a story that has seen better if not more romantic days; (4) a comic relief in the person of Luis Alberni; (5) a smash ending in the Metropolitan itself (the old house ringing with merry sound and the old art lovers in boiled shirts loving it to the point of epilepsy); and (6) the continued presence and histrionic splendor of Miss Grace Moore, one-time auxiliary of the New York Opera (I mean *the* opera).

The show, in fact, is built entirely around Miss Moore, who shapes up as follows: A trained voice, cool, thin, mechanically perfect but without much color, beautifully recorded. A youthful figure; a face not lovely but with enough regularity of planes to be called pretty, if you like—somewhat reminiscent of that other national darling, Miss Mary Pickford, and best expressive of a certain arch emptiness. In carriage rather moosey, by which I mean no offense but simply that she has neither graceful motion nor a natural disposition of members in repose, always giving the impression (without quite doing it) of standing pigeon-toed or crossing space at a gallop. She is not an actress, but acts the part of an actress, a sad cross between the best schools of elocution (not to forget gesture) and the worst Wagner. Failing as an actress, she might well fall back on a natural dignity of her own—but no, she must be vivacious, irrepressible, girlish; she will only be herself in so far as a well marked tendency for flouncing and stiff mummery is herself. She must give it this, she must give it that; she must talk on the tonsil.

Analysis of anything so complex as a personality is always difficult and usually unfair, because when everything is said you either like a person's type or you don't like it at all; but I imagine even the best friends of this gorgeous creature would admit that when it comes to stage genius and stage presence there are scores of little girls in Hollywood who can run wide circles round her. Miss Moore is here solely for her music. And her music in "Love Me Forever" adds up to one chorus of the theme song, two arias from "La Bohême," a few rounds of "Funiculi, Funicula," "Il Bacio," and a participation in the "Rigoletto" quartet (computations based on Variety, which is wise in many matters).

In actual running time, that is, her use to the picture is very small. Yet the whole story has to be tailored to her: she is its star, she must have dramatic moments, playful moments, cosy, homelike moments, close-ups, medium shots, long shots, follow shots—the works, in short. And every time she began to vibrate in the vocal cords, the effect is supposed to slay whole roomfuls of people and you sit there and watch them slain, and no mistake. Leo Carillo (low gambler and high flier and good in a stock interpretation) is also slain and gives up all for her; and that makes the story, which in turn makes up the picture, which thus gets to be makeshift, unoriginal and (particularly in the part of Miss Moore) quite ham.

Everything in "Love Me Forever" is jettisoned in favor of the elaborate production and recording of the big punch numbers. But here at last in these numbers, descending in the vestments of art on the American movie, we have something, have we not? There must surely be something here, at long last? Briefly, what we have in these big numbers is a first-rate and literal copy of an eighth-rate (and outdated) treatment of distinctly third-rate music. And that is about all.

Such purely popular musicals as Warners' new "In Caliente" are built along the same lines—except that their popular music does not, like that of Puccini, represent some of the best and most enduring of their time and place. Their story is equally foolish and sketchy (in the latest, it revolves about the troubles of a dancer in falling in love with a critic who once panned her); their emphasis is also placed on lavish production numbers—of which, for a welcome change, there is only one really big one here. But "In Caliente" has a lot of good spots in the relations between Pat O'Brien, Edward Everett Horton and (aptly enough) Leo Carillo, and in Dolores Del Rio it has the presence of a woman ripe with charms and a constant pleasure to the eye. And in all the musicals, however bad, there is an absence of this stuffy insistence on Art, an absence of this self-conscious strain that is invariably in evidence when the movies—so astonishingly at home in newspaper offices or stokeholds, in hospitals, on the ranch, at police headquarters, in the Foreign Legion, anywhere—get completely out of their water into the rare and awful air of artistic creation, as pronounced upper case.

Average musicals are pretty dull, but so are these Moore pieces pretty dull, and what is worse they have a holy smell of uplift about them. And all this (at last) through a medium in which, to mention only the native achievement, Walt Disney not three months ago and with very little acclaim, blended music with his pictured story in such a bit of sheer genius as "The Band Concert"; in which, about the same time, there was performed off-handedly a little stretch of cartoon called "The Kids in the Shoe"; in which Duke Ellington has fixed up an arrangement of "The St. Louis Blues"; and before the cameras of which Louis Armstrong has performed upon his brash and lovely horn. What the hell, I say, love us some other time can't you, Grace; we can hardly be bothered.

OTIS FERGUSON.

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More Recorded Music

THE CONTINUED flow of recordings of Bach and Mozart is evidence of the recording companies' good intentions rather than of their good judgment. For they seem to go on the assumption that the name Bach or Mozart guarantees a work of incandescent genius, when in fact it often guarantees nothing more than a routine product of skilled craftsmanship. An instance of this is Bach's sonatas for violin unaccompanied, which are regarded with the greatest awe, but are extremely dull except for a movement here and there like the Prelude of the one in E major or the Chaconne of the one in D minor. But they are enormously difficult to play on the modern violin (merely to keep a steady pace and outline the phrases clearly is an achievement), and serve to provide impressive demonstrations of difficulties overcome—with apparent effort or apparent ease as the technical equipment of the player may be.

With Yehudi Menuhin it is ease: in his performances of the Sonatas in D minor and G minor (Victor) the music flows steadily, the phrases and rhythms are undistorted. If the simplicity and straightforwardness of his playing do not give the Chaconne of the D minor its full effect, they at least do not get in the music's way, as the lurid melodrama of Stokowski's transcription and performance does. Menuhin's playing strikes fire in the G minor, which is music of less consequence. In the opening Adagio, for example, there is nothing comparable with the eloquence of his playing: there is the external style of eloquence, but in all the wriggling no real expressive content.

On the other hand, we have two arias from the St. Matthew Passion: "Erbarme Dich, mein Gott," acceptably sung by Maartje Offers, and "Aus Liebe will mein Heiland sterben," coupled with "Es ist vollbracht" from the Cantata No. 159, beautifully sung by Elisabeth Schumann. Also the finest of the piano concertos, the one in D minor, with Edwin Fischer playing superbly and leading an unnamed orchestra. And also the best of the *Partitas,* the one in B flat, with some portions played quite well and others stodgily and insensitively by Harold Samuel. All these are from Victor. From Columbia there is the Violin Concerto in A minor, played by Hubermann with the Vienna Philharmonic under one Dobroy. Hubermann is an uneven artist, and may actually have played as badly as he sounds on these records; or not enough care may have been taken in the recording.

Of Mozart there is the lovely Violin Concerto in A major, with playing of such distinction as I have never heard from Heifetz before, and excellent collaboration by the London Philharmonic under Barbirolli. Also the Piano Quartet in G minor, with Schnabel sitting heavily on Mozart and on his associates of the Pro Arte Quartet, and the recording technician doing nothing to correct this. And also two arias from "The Marriage of Figaro," exquisitely sung by Elisabeth Schumann (with poor orchestral accompaniments): "Non so più cosa son," taken a little too slowly, and "Venite, inginocchiatevi." All these from Victor. Columbia has issued two slighter works: a Divertimento (K. 334) and a Duet for Violin and Viola (K. 424), both beautifully played—the first by the London Philharmonic under Harty, the second by Simon Goldberg and Paul Hindemith.

Victor has issued the Schumann Sonata in D minor played by the two Menuhins; and again one may marvel at their unanimity of feeling and execution, and at Hephzibah's maturity of feeling and style. A very poor version of the coronation scene from "Boris Godunov" by an orchestra and chorus under Coates is given distinction by the singing of Chaliapin; Melchior sings Siegfried's narrative in Act III of "Götterdämmerung" very well, with chorus and the London Symphony under Heger; and the excellent Quintette Instrumentale de Paris contributes a Sonata for Flute and Strings by Alessandro Scarlatti.

From Columbia comes a superb version of the Finale of Act II of "Der Rosenkavalier" by Richard Mayr and an orchestra under Bruno Walter; and a recording of two Alleluias for Ascension Day, a Gospel Tone for Palm Sunday and Requiem Aeternam from the Mass for the Dead, sung by the Nashdom Abbey Singers.

B. H. HAGGIN.

CORRESPONDENCE

One Way to Stop Mussolini

SIR: Mussolini seems definitely determined on a war of aggression on Ethiopia, and the question must inevitably suggest itself to Americans who believe that right, not might, should guide the conduct of nations among themselves: Can we do anything to hinder or impede him?

Mere protest is, of course, vain and would be taken simply as a confession of impotence. We propose that a committee be formed to organize an economic boycott against Italy; that this committee coöperate with similar committees to be formed in the democratic countries of Europe; that the League of Nations, in particular, and the member countries of the League, and this country as well, be urged to declare an economic boycott of Italy unless she abandons her plans of aggression. This work should be undertaken now, before war has actually begun. Mussolini will not yield to moral arguments. He must be made to feel that imperialism does not pay.

Coupled with such a movement should be a firm demand upon Italy to pay her war debt to the United States. If Mussolini can waste hundreds of millions on a costly adventure in Africa that threatens the peace of the whole world, he can pay Italy's just debts. Let your readers express their sentiments on this subject.

BERNARD NOSKIN,
New York City. LOUIS GRUSS.

A Dirge for Subsistence Homesteads

SIR: The papers carry the news that the subsistence-homesteads project is folding up. Eighteen months ago it was obvious that such a program must fail. Millions of dollars were wasted acquiring land that had no relation to population trends. More millions were spent on homes that had no relation to the economic status of those who were to buy them. The project was originated by well meaning, well fed, well housed sentimentalists ignorant of the fundamentals of the low-cost-housing problem and the program was directed by dogmatic executives. . . . The pity is not that such a foolish program has failed but that nothing has been learned. . . .

Either the income of the masses must be raised, by the elimination of exploitation and parasitism, to the point where they can afford twice as big and pretentious homes as their needs require, or housing projects should be dominated by the spirit of research and creativeness which, by experimental trial and error, give the masses enough of the best in housing essentials for health and comfort within the limits of what they can afford.

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As it was, the project of subsistence homesteads succeeded only in tossing much valuable time, effort and money down a well. Nothing can be salvaged. Nothing has been learned because nothing creative was attempted. . . .

Flint, Mich. CORVIN WILLSON.

Houseworkers in the Bronx

SIR: I am a houseworker and I want to tell you about the disgraceful conditions we houseworkers are fighting in the Bronx. Many white women do not go to the union any more to hire help—they go to the street corners instead and beat the price down.

On several corners on Walton Avenue between One Hundred and Sixtieth and One Hundred and Seventieth Streets these auctions are held. I have waited many an hour there myself, only to get two or three hours' work in the end, at 20 or 10 cents an hour. My husband is out of work and I have to depend on housecleaning to feed, shelter and clothe both us and our children. We are often hungry.

When I saw a story about this in The Negro Liberator, I said to myself perhaps if I write to some other paper it will be stopped. Please print this so that the women readers of The New Republic will know about these conditions. We are human beings and need human treatment. Please, all you women readers, do not go to the auction block when you need a houseworker, but get in touch with the Domestic Unit of the Building Service Workers' Employees, at 236 West Fifty-fifth Street. Pay union wages, and keep union conditions.

New York City. FLORENCE MIDDLETON.

Comment from the Scene of Battle

SIR: It was with great interest that I read Mr. Cowley's review of the interview between Wells and Stalin [The New Republic, April 24]. However, I don't think that Wells was talking of the golden future. Is it possible for him to have a future?

Moscow, U.S.S.R. SERGEI DINAMOV.

The Caste System in the Army

SIR: One of your readers has taken me to task for writing on soldiers' problems when at the outbreak of the World War I was only twelve years old. I wasn't there and naturally couldn't know anything about it. Charles A. Beard once wrote a fine book, "The Economic Interpretation of the United States Constitution." How could he know anything about that? He wasn't even alive in 1787. It is true I was not a soldier. But one brother was in France for over a year and another brother was in training in the States when the Armistice was signed. Since then a third brother has served a term in the regular army. Besides this, several first cousins were in the A.E.F., as were many of my friends and neighbors. Though I was not a soldier I am not deaf or dumb. And fortunately I can read a little. Last year I sent out a questionnaire to 150 rank-and-file veterans of the World War.

Even after the War, when democracy was safe, the officer caste lived in our military system. In proof I offer the following order:

> Headquarters, Camp MacArthur, Waco, Texas.
> Jan. 6, 1929, General Order No. 1.
>
> 1. The attention of officers of this command who find enlisted men present with proper authority, *i. e.,* duly invited or permitted to pay their way in, at any social affair at which the officer is a guest, such officer will at once depart from such social affair, and if he finds persons in the uniforms of enlisted men permitted to be present he will take the same action.
>
> When an officer finds enlisted men present at any social affair without proper authority, he will take such steps as the occasion may warrant to cause them to leave, and will report any violation of regulations which may occur.
>
> By Command of Major-General Buck.
> W. H. Woolworth, Major, Infantry,
> United States Army.

New York City. WALTER WILSON.

No Tribute to Mr. Sweeney

SIR: Every once in a while something appears in The New Republic that is really distinguished. Take that article on Grant Wood in the issue of May 29: I'd say it was perfect. I got a great kick out of that. I never read anything that could compare in any way with the sweet, swelling smugness of it. That guy Sweeney certainly is good. I wonder if he realizes the perfection that he has attained in his chosen line! If only Sir James could paint the way he smugs, we'd have perfect paintings. But do we (I mean Americans by "we") really want paintings? Or artists? The professor implies that our great need is for psychologistic plasticians. He writes with such an air of finality that he must be right.

Hilton Village, Va. J. J. LANKES.

Extracts from Letters

THE International Labor Defense sends us notice of an exhibition now touring the United States on behalf of Angelo Herndon, young Negro who was sentenced to spend from eighteen to twenty years on the Georgia chain gang as a result of his activities on behalf of the unemployed in Atlanta. A case, which is an exact replica of the kind used to confine chain-gang prisoners, has been mounted on a motor truck. In cities and towns visited by the truck, mass meetings will be held, at which Herndon himself will speak. The object of the tour is to draw nationwide attention to Herndon's case and to obtain, if possible, two million signatures on a petition addressed to the Governor of Georgia asking Herndon's freedom and the repeal of the old "slave-insurrection" law under which he was convicted. Organizations cooperating in the petition campaign include the American Civil Liberties Union, the League for Industrial Democracy and the American League Against War and Fascism.

Mr. Ronald Lane Latimer writes us to complain that the two poems by E. E. Cummings, printed in The New Republic of May 15, had already appeared in the January issue of Alcestis, a poetry quarterly of which he is the editor. They were numbers VII and IX in a group of nine poems by Cummings. We had not seen the January issue of Alcestis, and we had accepted and paid for Cummings' poems during the previous November. The poet explains that he got his wires crossed, or words to that effect.

Mr. Alfred H. Holt, of Williamstown, Massachusetts, informs us that he is preparing a book, to be published next year by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company, on "The Origin and History of Familiar Expressions." He will be glad to receive suggestions.

Dr. S. M. Wolffson of 4100 West Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois, sends news of the formation of the Oak Park Consumers' Coöperative Society among residents of the Oak Park, River Forest and Austin districts in the outskirts of Chicago. Residents of these districts who are interested in the movement are urged to communicate with Dr. Wolffson.

Mr. Frederick V. Field, president of Pioneer Youth of America, Inc., writes that his organization is staging a campaign for $950 to complete its summer program of activities. Pioneer Youth carries on educational and recreational work among boys and girls from working-class homes. The address of the organization is 69 Bank Street, New York City.

The Association of Brooklyn Federation Workers calls attention to the lockout of one hundred employees of Beth Moses Hospital which has continued for seven weeks. Staff members, including social workers, nurses and other professionals, were discharged allegedly because of activities in connection with organizing workers of the hospital. Sympathizers are urged to send contributions to the Beth Moses Hospital Workers' Council, 23 Arion Place, Brooklyn, New York.

The Theatre Section of the American League Against War and Fascism is seeking short plays dealing with the menace of war and fascism and wishes to receive them in time for fall production. Manuscripts should be addressed to the Theatre Section of the American League Against War and Fascism, 213 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Directions for Making a Genius

I PREDICT that within the next ten or fifteen years we shall watch the development and slow recognition of an American literary genius. For nearly a century the critics have been praying for a glimpse of him. Now our literature has reached a stage at which he can finally appear.

I don't know his name or where he was born or whether he writes poetry or prose, drama or fiction. I suspect that he is still under twenty-five, since almost all the older writers have disqualified themselves for the sort of life he will have to lead. I also feel strongly that he has working-class sympathies and, quite possibly, a working-class background. For the rest, I can sketch in the outlines of his probable career, on the assumption that it will resemble the careers of his predecessors in Europe. Great men like little ones run true to type.

He will have at least a moderate success quite early in life, so that he can devote the best of his time to his work, instead of hack-writing or selling Fuller brushes. On the other hand, he will arouse the fierce anger of most critics, who will be repelled by the freshness and violence of his writing: critics like a book to be not too different from the others they have admired. He will be attacked for being revolutionary, illiterate, obscure or obscene, or perhaps for all these qualities simultaneously. The authorities may interfere with his books or suppress them altogether, but the public will somehow continue to read them. Eventually, as his reputation grows, the critics will fall in at the end of the parade, cheering and hoping that nobody noticed their absence. His literary rivals, forgetting their jealousy, will say, "I detest most writers of that school, but of course Everett Schmidt"—if that is his name —"stands out from the rest of them." Soon there will be Everett Schmidt reading clubs and college courses and Everett Schmidt boulevards, perhaps, in the new socialist cities, and young writers will be issuing manifestoes against the pernicious and stultifying influence of Everett Schmidt. At his death early in the twenty-first century—assuming that our civilization survives until then—he will be apostheosized in windy speeches as the American Goethe, the American Hugo, Dickens, Tolstoy and who knows what besides.

It is in this rich atmosphere of post-mortem reverence that great writers are usually approached and described. Their careers are presented as a mixture of hard work and the I Will spirit with three parts of ineffable mystery. I think we have a right to be more realistic about them. The literary great man, the recognized genius (as opposed to geniuses neglected during their lifetimes, like Blake, Melville and Baudelaire) is a writer who comes to express and embody the ideals of a nation or of a rising social class. He is a leader who never goes so fast that he leaves his followers behind. Indeed, he lives in a peculiarly close relationship with those who read his books—Victor Hugo once said that there is a sort of "fluid" between them, a living stream from which both of them draw strength. This relationship, rarely established, goes far toward explaining the apparent mystery of the great writer's career. His readers help to create his work; they read into it meanings that the author may or may not have intended to be there; eventually their pride of possession leads them to glorify the genius as a means of glorifying themselves. But they also expect him to give them something in return, to clarify their own ideas, give shape to their dreams and act as their literary conscience. Genius, in other words, is something more than a state of divine grace. The great man of letters has a function, a role in society—to put it baldly, a job.

That the job has never been filled in America is not, I think, the fault of our writers. It is the necessary audience that has been lacking in the past, rather than the speakers able to address it. The audience now seems ready. At the same time, literature is becoming more involved with public life, with reaction and revolution. Authors are being called on more and more to play the part of national and even international figures—inspirers, protesters, rebels or buffoons. Critics more and more anxiously are scanning the horizon. There are always bright-eyed watchers among them to tell us that the genius is here at last—he is Thornton Wilder, he is Louis Bromfield, he is Hervey Allen, this summer he is Thomas Wolfe, next fall he will be some new prodigy greater and even wordier than his predecessors, who will thereupon be classed with last year's bathing beauties. There is something more than fashionable snobbery in the present custom of high-hatting and old-hatting the writers to whom hats have been reverently raised. There is also resentment against them for failing to be the genuine long-hoped-for genius. Soon I think he will be created, if only by the manifest desire for him.

Meanwhile a position is waiting to be filled. What do you think about it, young writers under twenty-five: is there one of you that would like to be a genius? The qualifications for the job are strict and difficult, but not impossible to meet. The writer preparing to be a genius must have imagination, sensitiveness, narrative power, all the qualities expected of other writers, but he also must have special gifts. For example, he must have a simple-mindedness that enables him to reduce problems and situations to their bare essence. He must be able to make himself heard by the masses. He must be curious about the lives of everyone he meets, and must give them the sort of sympathy that broadens and deepens his own emotions. He must serve some cause that is independent of his personal ambitions. More than this, he must have the instinctive shrewdness that keeps him from making a fool of himself, even though abundant opportunities are offered him. Chiefly he must avoid messianism—the belief, I mean, that his position of intellectual leadership has been attained solely through the mysterious powers residing within himself, and that he is therefore entitled to speak with the voice of a prophet. But he must also avoid the opposite vice of becoming an institution, a simple mouthpiece for proper sentiments.

In any case he must write a great deal: he must be nearly as prolific as the late Edgar Wallace, but without following an easy formula. He must work sixteen hours a day, like James Joyce when he was composing "Ulysses," but without Joyce's social irresponsibility and contempt for his audience. There is no labor union of geniuses, no code authority to limit their working week. Even in their leisure time, if any remains, they are required to make speeches, correct the manuscripts of young writers, give

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advice to people who won't use it, make statements and, in general, play the part of public figures.

Such is the job, if anyone is able to take it and hold it. As for the pay, it will scarcely be that of a corporation lawyer. The American genius won't receive the Pulitzer Prize or the Nobel Prize, except by accident; he may not even be printed in magazines of the quality group. On account of his political opinions, he may be jailed or forced to live abroad, like Hugo and Gorky and Thomas Mann and others who have played this role. He won't starve to death—that is perhaps the only promise that can be made in regard to his economic position. On the other hand, he will be certain of one privilege that very few American writers have enjoyed. He will have a sense of communion with his readers; he will know that his words are something more than echoes in the wasteland. At the very least, he will be heard.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

—and Other Stories

Kneel to the Rising Sun, by Erskine Caldwell. New York: The Viking Press. $2.

Time: The Present, by Tess Slesinger. New York: Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

ERSKINE CALDWELL has become one of the major mysteries of contemporary writing. Is he humorist, ironist, or realist? Those characters of his that change from grotesques into sincere and tragic figures, only to become sometimes mere clowns in the end—does he always intend these changes or is it a failure on his own part properly to understand the motivation behind them that causes the bewilderment? Does he know how far horror can be pushed before it shifts suddenly into hysteria, how sharp the dividing line between melodrama and farce?

And so on. Until I read this volume of stories, I had not noticed how frequently, in Mr. Caldwell's longer works, one finds him using a device by which, at moments of climax, all positive action is halted—the characters stopped stock still, or at most merely repeating over and over again one significant gesture, for what seems an almost unbearable period—while the flow of dramatic progression is carried forward and intensified solely by means of dialogue, itself usually repetitious also and frequently given over to characters not directly identified with the action in progress.

Such scenes recur time and again in the short stories here collected, so that at least one is enabled to measure the limitations of the technique, its effectiveness when applied to different types of situations. The fault seems to be, as one sees it in these stories, that Mr. Caldwell uses the device, not with an eye to its inherent value, but as a fixed part of his equipment as a writer; he is coming to portray all life as a series of set scenes—tableaux with a choral accompaniment—in which the action is purely formal and the emotional development mainly rhetorical. In stories where the controlling influences are themselves static—as, heat in "The Growing Season"; or in "Daughter," which describes the slow rise of mob-fury in a crowd outside a jail—the method can produce an atmosphere of causeless foreboding, of truly fateful terror, of pure doom.

But again, and it seems to me principally in cases where the forces at work are dynamic, demanding direct and human action to resolve them, the halt, the break in the progression and the recourse to repetitive dialogue, all introduce an element so foreign to the general swift flow of narration as to be disastrous. At best the effect is that of an abrupt and, to the reader, unsettling switch from the field of realism to that of allegory. At worst, you have a story like "Masses of Men." Here a woman, deciding to sell herself to get fifty cents to buy coal and food for her children at home, accosts a man on the street; is refused, and offers her ten-year-old daughter instead; brings the man home with her and prepares the girl for the ordeal; and there the story, as far as narration goes, ends. The man shivers and fears he'll be arrested for what he's about to do, the girl cries, the mother demands her money and swears she'll not have him arrested; the girl cries, the mother demands her money, the man shivers . . . and so on, in a slow circling of the true horror of the situation that fills one at once with disgust and an insane desire to giggle, but most of all with fury at Mr. Caldwell himself for attempting a scene that he must have known he couldn't cope with.

One feels a strong social consciousness at work in Mr. Caldwell, a passionate desire to show the ugliness of life. It is perhaps the strength of that passion, combined with the ugliness, that defeats him. Perhaps he himself, like his characters, is sometimes stopped dead in his tracks at the contemplation of it.

The best story in Tess Slesinger's collection, I think, is "The Mouse Trap," the tale of an abortive attempt to organize a strike among the employees in the outer office of an advertising agency, which is quelled by the adroitness and super-salesmanship of the head of the company. The story is told as seen through the eyes of his secretary, herself his more than devoted admirer; and this approach, permitting the use of that subjective style of writing which is Miss Slesinger's favorite method, also permits a full development of the ironical implications of the episode, while the handling of the long scene in which the employer cajoles, wheedles and browbeats the would-be strikers back into bewildered submission, reveals Miss Slesinger as being able to handle complicated situations with force and vigor as well as being in contact, however tentatively, with some of the larger realities of the day.

It is the success of this story, in fact, that contributes to one's disappointment with many of the others in the volume, for nowhere else does she go so directly to her subject nor seem to surround it with so thorough a comprehension. One of the faults of the "stream of consciousness" method is that in focusing all attention on thought processes it tends to disregard the active shell that encloses them, so that the impression remains, not of live human beings, but rather of a sort of ghostly parade of ideas. Miss Slesinger's method, moreover, adopts a convention of what might be called *vocalized* thoughts, or at least a stream of consciousness that is miraculously grammatical and ideologically compact. This, imposing another convention, that the thoughts be brisk and epigrammatic, dilutes the method still further, so that in some of the stories—such as "On Being Told That Her Second Husband Has Taken His First Lover," whose title practically tells all—one finds the narrative reduced to what amounts to a string of witticisms, sufficiently clever in themselves but hardly strong enough to carry the emotional tension desired.

The characters who figure in such stories as these are "intellectuals" indeed, but—after what she has shown she can do with pathos in "After the Party," with terror in "Mother to Dinner"—one wishes Miss Slesinger would turn her attention more consistently to less articulate personages.

ROBERT M. COATES.

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The Craft of Politics

Chester A. Arthur: A Quarter-Century of Machine Politics, by George F. Howe. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 318 pages. $4.

The Gentleman from New York: A Life of Roscoe Conkling, by Donald B. Chidsey. New Haven: Yale University Press. 446 pages. $3.75.

Kate Chase, Dominant Daughter, by Mary Merwin Phelps. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 328 pages. $3.

The American Talleyrand: Martin Van Buren, by Holmes Alexander. New York: Harper and Brothers. 444 pages. $3.50.

HERE, IN a group of recent American biographies, are the stories of three elder statesmen and one (unofficial) female influence, whose several careers span almost a hundred years of democracy. Van Buren, Conkling, Arthur—and one may say the same for the beautiful daughter of Mr. Chief Justice Chase as well—represent no idea, principle or disinterested conviction by which posterity remembers them. They originated and invented nothing; they were professional politicians. But by this very deficiency, for the reason of their simple common appetite for power and privilege, the two Presidents and the famous Senator illustrate their profession in its most naked form. And from Van Buren, of the earlier Jacksonian upheaval, to Conkling and Arthur of the Reconstruction period, we may follow the fatal orientation of our political system: the government of the people, which in its first forty years had been under the rule of a caste, supposedly of wealth and talent, becoming a government of party organization.

It must be remembered that ours is by now a rather old republic. For many generations the specialists in chicane and conspiracy have been working within its democratic institutions, developing their method and procedure, use and wont, playing a remarkably disingenuous and complex game of power. The elaborate pattern of political action they have left us has always amazed foreign scholars who study our system. And we are now made cruelly aware of how much the dead hand of traditions and usages, the peculiar tortuous shaping of our institutions in the past, delimits the hope of change or advance. For the present the most embarrassing part of the heritage left us by the professional politicians is certainly the permanent party system, whereby a party exists not to advance the interests of classes or groups, or the special claims of factions among them, but exists *per se,* because it has existed before, to canvass votes in all weather. Of this peculiarly American system Van Buren was one of the early architects; Conkling and Arthur later partisans.

In view of the pressing questions we ask ourselves nowadays, it is disappointing that two of the political biographies reviewed here—those of Van Buren and Conkling—are more or less innocent of analysis or knowledge of the leading issues of government. Only Professor Howe's methodical, scholarly study of President Arthur is a work of some maturity. Miss Phelps's biography of Kate Chase, while more limited in scale than the others, and written by an author who is not at home in the historical period of her subject, has considerable charm as a piece of recent Americana. It is the portrait of a lovely woman who stoops to much folly in the hope of making her father President and herself queen of the White House.

Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague, the reigning belle of wartime Washington, used her sex appeal and her wit to support the aspirations of Lincoln's pompous Secretary of the Treasury, though in vain. Her failure, and the sequel of ruin and scandal, form a commentary on the meager role played by women in our politics—a fact that does them honor, no doubt. A Conkling might love her madly; might direct his finest rodomontades towards the senatorial gallery where she sat knitting; he might even brave her husband's shotgun; but he would not follow where she led *politically.* The public policy of the spoilsman, however romantic or philandering in private life, was fixed by a wholly materialistic purpose that love itself could not turn aside.

For this narrow philosophy of party (wholly extra-constitutional to begin with) we are indebted as much to Van Buren as to anyone else; for he was the aptest pupil of Aaron Burr and De Witt Clinton in the art of local electoral management. Ultimately, his manipulative tactics were used upon a larger, federal scale amid the din of Jackson's popular uprising, which accompanied manhood suffrage and overthrew the old ruling class.

Mr. Alexander, chatty and superficial biographer of Van Buren, fails to note the most significant thing about the action of his hero. At the very moment when the revolt of the masses of common people against the propertied fathers threatened disorder to the republic (and danger to property), there was fastened upon the federal government the spoils system, with its machine politics and central party organization, directed by Van Buren. The party was an army that moved not in a mass but in a closely woven net spread over the country; its retainers gave their field-labor to the canvass, and the regular tithe of their wages to the party treasury, under the rigid discipline of a central command. Henceforth the great property owners no longer legislated directly in the halls of Congress or administered for themselves the chief government bureaus, but dealt through the professional politicians, who acted as brokers for the democratic masses, chose representatives, held office, shared revenues and functioned themselves as a large vested interest.

After Appomattox, the tradition of Van Buren was carried on by the successful unionist party which, covered with the mantle of patriotism and military glory, held spoils and office for twenty years. Defeat for this party came chiefly as a consequence of disgraceful quarrels over loot among the ruling chieftains, Conkling, Blaine and John Sherman; and the account of their astonishingly violent and lurid strife swells the biographies of Conkling and Arthur. Professor Howe gives a valuable, detailed picture of Arthur, as faithful political worker, moving up slowly through the ranks from the humblest jobs of local canvassing to command of the Customs House, one of the highest offices of plunder Grant and Conkling could bestow upon a follower.

One of the most illuminating and candid qualities of Roscoe Conkling may be seen in his implacable opposition to the coming of much dreaded civil-service reforms under Hayes, and later under Arthur himself. The "snivel service" reforms, as Conkling called them, imperiled the rule of the professional politicians, and his thunderous orations against the contemptible "man-milliners" make one of the most absorbing chapters of our history; Mr. Chidsey could have cited more of these and also dwelt on Conkling's important connections with the railroad barons, Gould and Huntington, in whose vast interests, as he virtually admitted, he helped compose the Fourteenth Amendment.

The measurable diminution in the flow of tithes from party-appointed officials, after 1883, did in time bring pro-

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found changes in the tactics of professional politicians. After the heyday of Conkling and his henchman Arthur, a new generation, typified by Platt, Quay and (above all) Mark Hanna, would cease to straddle issues, and would push vigorously for national policies that directly benefited the great manufacturing and corporate groups. Then, instead of counting on small graft, or sharing the wages of ward heelers, letter carriers and madams, they would "fry the fat" from tariff-protected groups to the tune of millions, through direct assessments upon business units and banks. There was then a political prosperity beyond the dreams of Conkling and Arthur; just as the huge, modernized patronage system of James Aloysius Farley, in its turn, seems something to make the ghost of old Van Buren writhe with envy.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON.

Sultana

Catherine: The Portrait of an Empress, by Gina Kaus. New York: The Viking Press. 384 pages. $3.50.

RUSSIA'S Catherine II, like Joseph II of Austria and Frederick II of Prussia, was an "enlightened" absolute monarch. Joseph made some attempts at reform, failed and died. Frederick never allowed himself to forget that the Junkers were the mainstay of his power, and was completely subservient to their interests. He died of old age, and historians call him Great. Catherine, who is also numbered among the "Great" monarchs, was a foreigner and a usurper; she was even more completely dependent on the noble landowners, who were in control of the army and the bureaucracy. She corresponded with men like Voltaire, Diderot and Grimm, but as the official head of the Russian Church she conformed outwardly to all its requirements and made pious pilgrimages to the graves of saints. She made not the slightest attempt at social or even political reform, and in the latter part of her reign, after the great peasant revolt led by Pugachev and the outbreak of the French Revolution, she turned completely reactionary.

Unable to do anything at home, this clever and energetic woman took up the conquering policy of Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great. Her annexations were extensive, but not all of them were to prove permanent. Courland (Latvia) is, at least for the present, lost to Russia, together with the other Baltic provinces that are the natural gateways to the vast hinterland; Poland too has regained her independence. But most of the conquests at the expense of Russia made by the Poles and Lithuanians and regained by Catherine are now in the Soviet Union. And the northern Black Sea coast, practically an empty wilderness when annexed by Catherine, has now become one of the most important centers of Russian agriculture and industry.

Of Catherine as the greatest conqueror in Russian history, with all her hollow successes and permanent achievements, Gina Kaus writes with knowledge and understanding, but without going into much detail. For there was also another Catherine, whose doings are of vastly greater interest to Gina Kaus, the novelist and playwright. This is the Catherine who appeals so powerfully to the more aggressive type of women, who appears to them as the embodiment of their ideal of feminine achievement. Catherine rose from obscure insignificance to dazzling power, and her ambition aimed at the domination of Europe. In her sexual life, too, she was the traditional masterful male. (Frederick the Great was, in this respect, the traditional cold woman.) In her youth she had a succession of lovers—Saltykov, Orlov, Poniatowsky, Potemkin. And when she became elderly and physically unattractive, she had a succession of *misters,* all young and handsome, whom she rewarded magnificently for their services—Zavadovsky, Zorich, Korsakov, Mamonov, Lanskoy, Zubov, and I don't know how many more; the list is as long as that of the Russian heroes before Ismail in Byron's "Don Juan." If her lovers mostly deserted her, she discarded her gigolos one after another, as a king or a wealthy banker might follow his wandering fancy. Advancing years appeared not to diminish her capacity either for work or for love.

Gina Kaus writes of this Catherine with sympathetic understanding, with psychological insight, with all the detail beloved of novelists. She also presents a whole gallery of portraits of people who had a marked influence on Catherine's career—the empress Elizabeth, a voluptuous barbarian; the half-witted grand duke Peter, Catherine's husband, who reigned a few brief months as Peter III; Bestuzhev, Elizabeth's chancellor, at first the enemy and then the ally of Catherine; Orlov, and many others. An entire and particularly lively chapter is given to Potemkin, a worthy grand vizier to this sultana, "a great thing in days when homicide and harlotry made great."

HERMAN SIMPSON.

The Road to Death

Dynamics of Population, by Frank Lorimer and Frederick Osborn. New York: The Macmillan Company. 473 pages. $4.

NOW THAT the Malthusian bogey has been effectively laid, interest in population problems is becoming focused on attempts to discover the social forces that determine population trends. The authors of "Dynamics of Population" have made a thoroughly comprehensive if not always critical survey of recent work. Two main objectives emerge. The first is to discover how the existence of different reproduction rates in different sections of the community may be affecting its quality. The second is to discover how population trends can be controlled in order to maintain numbers at any desired level. As yet, the latter problem has received very little notice. Although many statisticians in America and England have drawn attention to the ultimate effects of present fertility rates, the time lag between declining fertility and declining population prevents them from being taken seriously by most people. The general opinion still seems to be that if you light a fuse to explode a cracker that is a long way off, something is bound to happen to the fuse before the sparks reach the cracker.

The problem of possible changes in the quality of the population is usually regarded as the more urgent. Lorimer and Osborn seem to be well aware that the propaganda platform of eugenics has lately received so many heavy blows that anyone might well hesitate before mounting it. They are extremely careful to maintain a balanced point of view and to emphasize the inseparability of heredity and environment in any study of social behavior.

At the present stage of the argument, however, an infusion of good works might have been more helpful than the most impeccable professions of faith. One would have liked to see a more searching analysis of recent investigations, to make clear just why competent workers produce contradictory results. This has been done to some extent in the discussion of methods for measuring social behavior. But a less critical treatment is given the various indices of

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fertility, which all have one feature in common, in that they include fertility of past years. In view of the rapidity with which fertility rates are dropping in America and Europe, any such index is mainly of historical interest. We still have no certain knowledge of the existence of differential fertility rates at the present moment, though we may reasonably assume that they still exist.

The one difference that has been found to override all others in importance is the difference between the urban and rural fertility rates. With the increasing mechanization of agriculture, the proportion of people living in cities is increasing, with the important consequence that the present decline in fertility is likely to be accentuated. Even more fundamental is the sharp cleavage revealed between the two aspects of Western civilization: the urban, the rural. The most characteristic achievements of our age in science, technology and the arts are associated with great cities. These cities set the intellectual standards for the country. Yet people living in them have possibly not at any time reproduced themselves at a rate to keep population even static, and are certainly not doing so at the moment. The difference between country and town is not primarily one between more or less valuable cultural levels, but one between different ways of living. Replacement of the personnel of one by that of the other has clearly ceased to be an efficient means of maintaining population growth. It may be that our Western world, with increasing urbanization and production of commodities, has chosen a path leading to biological extinction. If we are on such a road, it is difficult at present to find any means of getting off it.

ENID CHARLES.

Private World

Only the Fear, by Lenore G. Marshall. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.

THE EMOTIONS of a not-too-intelligent neurotic make good fiction only if they are written about with wit or savagery. The author must either imply some relation between the personal life and the means by which the individual supposedly pays for his keep in the world, or make the story so intense that the private agonies of a self-constituted sphere seem, at least temporarily, to justify themselves. Mrs. Marshall's first novel, the tale of an arty woman's progress from dream world to reality via an affair with her doctor, has neither of these reasons for existence; it leaves us feeling that we, the characters and the author herself have been shamefully coddled.

As a child, Gabriele Kirk escaped from the intellectuality of her aunts into a world of fantasy, and six years after her marriage to a distinguished professor is still dreaming of Ivan, her image of the perfect lover. When she discovers that the professor has been unfaithful to her she turns to Sandy, whose casual character is somewhat incongruous with what we are told of his reputation as a doctor. Mrs. Marshall then uses the old trick of "killing the image"; and Gabriele, by giving herself unromantically to Sandy, arrives at a more mature acceptance of herself and her husband. The story is convincing enough, but occasional flashes of sensitivity hardly counteract the triteness of Gabriele's observations on the art-colony life around her ("she thought how melancholy were people bent on mirth, how lonely") and the author's grim determination to have a subtle heroine even at the cost of the other characters, who are brought on and off her stage like so many pastel-colored puppets.

ELEANOR CLARK.

Books in Brief

Wish and Wisdom: Episodes in the Vagaries of Belief, by Joseph Jastrow. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 408 pages, illustrated. $3.50.

THOSE who like to pass through the Gates of Ivory —in legend, an expression for the world of unreality, delusion and dream—will find Joseph Jastrow an excellent guide. His latest volume on the ways of human credulity covers very much the same ground as his books, "The Psychology of Conviction" and "Fact and Fable in Psychology," written fifteen and more years ago. The theme is the same—"create a belief in a theory and the facts create themselves"—but the illustrations are more varied, more popular and, also, less well developed. They lack the connective tissue supplied by a knowledge of deeper lying social and economic forces. Psychic research, magic and theosophy; Ouija and Paladino; "thought forms," ectoplasm, "od" and the spiritual "duft" emanations of Dr. Jaeger, whose famous woolens were designed to retain it in the body. Tall tales of animal geniuses and human sensitives; Leo Taxil rubs elbows with Lucian's Alexander and Madame Blavatsky is at home with Mary Baker Eddy. And, of course, numerology, horoscopes, palmistry, psychometry and a host of minor but equally harmful traps for the gullible. Herr Hitler's psychic charlatan, Rasmussen, is, unfortunately, not mentioned—but then, neither is Evangeline Adams. However, Dr. Jastrow has given the well balanced among us plenty to chuckle over: perhaps also, something to worry about. For, after all, the Gates of Ivory open so much more easily—and widely—than the Gates of Horn.

H. W.

Jane Addams of Hull-House, by Winifred E. Wise. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 267 pages. $2.50.

This book is written for young people and therefore devotes half its space to Miss Addams' childhood and young womanhood. It draws upon Miss Addams' early chapters in "Twenty Years at Hull-House," and upon her personal recollections, generously placed at the disposal of the biographer. The latter half of the book gives the story of Hull-House in the same anecdotal fashion, Miss Addams' own memories being supplemented by those of other residents. The emphasis is naturally placed upon the sayings and doings of the children and youth of the House, some humorous, others deeply moving. The contrast between Miss Addams' own childhood in a pleasant Illinois village —followed by her youth of culture and travel—and the lives of her neighbors in Halsted Street, is startling. It was the sense of this contrast that led Miss Addams to build her life on a sharing with others not only of material goods, but of interests, affections, aspirations. Miss Wise gives a very human portrait of Miss Addams, and reflects also the humane spirit of the House she founded.

R. M. L.

Vom Kaiserhof zur Reichskanzlei, by Dr. Josef Goebbels. Munich: Zentralverlag der N.S.D.A.P. 308 pages. 4.50 marks.

On reading these hilarious diaries of Josef Goebbels, there is more than a mere suspicion that had not fortune made him Nazi Minister of Propaganda he would have much preferred being a Wagnerian tenor, a Nietzschean Superman or, at the very least, a Frederick the Great. This book fairly bristles with regal fiats, mountain-summit wis-

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dom and various yo-ho-to-ho's. Goebbels rigs himself out in the cultural trappings of a beer-hall intellectual, says that the Nazi Revolution was "a transvaluation of all value," and urges that the new Germany be "hard and heroic, single-minded and tenacious." A performance of Wagner's "Parsifal" has upon him "the effect of a religious service." The air becomes aquiver with mystic rapture. But—

> *January 13, 1932.*—A Herr von Bonim abused Hitler in the most shameless fashion in the Acht-Uhr-Abendblatt. As a result of a couple of sham telephone conversations we forced this cowardly creature to come to the office of Der Angriff and make a public statement against himself: "I contradict myself."

The big, bad wolf suddenly throws off his Nietzschean disguise. Frederick the Great Nietzsche becomes Strong-arm Joe.

N. A.

Renascent Mexico, edited by Hubert Herring and Herbert Weinstock. New York: Covici, Friede. 332 pages. $2.50.

This symposium is an outgrowth of the annual Seminar conducted in Mexico by the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America. It contains nearly a score of articles on various topics of current interest, such as Robert Redfield's "Folkways and City Ways," Carlos Chavez' "Mexican Music," Stanley Rypins' "Revolutions: Mexican and Russian," Frances Toor's "Mexican Folk Dances," etc. The contributions dealing with political and economic conditions, the Indian problem and inter-American relations are open to serious criticism because they fail to take into account with any degree of realism two fundamental facts concerning Mexico today: (1) that it is a semi-colonial country and (2) that it is ruled by a feudal-bourgeois dictatorship that can in no manner be termed benevolent.

Contributors

HAROLD WARD is a student of the sciences, with special reference to their social implications. He writes regularly on "The Sciences and Society" for The Living Age.

ARTHUR P. CHEW has been a member of the United States Department of Agriculture since 1923, writing official publications and personal articles. He is assistant to the director of information.

ALBERT MALTZ, author of "Black Pit" and co-author with George Sklar of "Peace on Earth," is one of the leading playwrights in the left-wing theatre movement.

JESSE STUART prefers to live among his native Kentucky mountains in spite of the wide acclaim given his book of sonnets, "Man with a Bull-Tongue Plow," published last fall. He is now at work on a book of prose.

JOHN PEALE BISHOP, in addition to many short stories, has written two books of verse, "Green Fruit" and "Now with His Love," and a novel, "Act of Darkness," which was published by Scribner's last winter and is soon to be brought out in England.

B. H. HAGGIN is music critic of The Brooklyn Daily Eagle and lectures at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.

ROBERT M. COATES, author of "The Eater of Darkness," "The Outlaw Years" and "Yesterday's Burdens," is working on a new novel.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON is the author, among other books, of biographies of Rousseau and Zola and of "The Robber Barons," a panorama of American capitalism in its great days after the Civil War.

ENID CHARLES is a member of the faculty of the London School of Economics and author of "The Twilight of Parenthood," published last fall by W.W. Norton.

ELEANOR CLARK, a recent graduate of Vassar College, was an editor of The Housatonic. She is now working on a novel.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Harold Ward, Robert Morss Lovett and Nathan Ausubel.

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